THE

BRUCE.

BUKE XV.

ARGUMENT.

The ferd battle wan be Erl EDWARD *in Irland—he is declarit King of Irland.—Deth of Schir* NEIL FLEMING.

The poet returnis to King ROBERT, *quha ſubdues the Ilis.*—DOUGLAS *kills* EDMOND DE CAILLOW, *and Schir* ROBERT NEVIL.

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XV.

QUHEN thai within hes ſene ſua ſlayn
Thair men, and chaſſyt hame agayn,
Thai war all wa; and in gret hy
" Till armys !" hely gan thai cry.
Than armyt thaim all that thar war,
And for the bataill maid thaim yar.
Thai iſchyt owt, all wele arayit,
Into the bataill, baner diſplayit;
Bowne on thair beſt wiſs till aſſaill
Thair fayis into fele bataill.

And quhen Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY
Saw thaim iſch in ſa gud aray,
Till Schyr EDUUARD the BRUYSS went he;
And ſaid, " Schyr, it is gud that we
" Schap for ſum ſlycht that may awaile,
" To help us into this bataill.
" Our men ar quhoyne, but thai haff will
" To do mar than thai may fulfill.

Ver. 1. April 1316.

" Tharfor I rede our cariage,
" Forowtyn ony man or page,
" Be thaimſelwyn arayit be;
" And thai ſall ſeyme far mar than we.
" Set we befor thaim our baners,
" Yone folk that cumys out of *Coigners*,
" Quhen thai our baners thar may ſe,
" Sall trew traiſtly that thar ar we:
" And thyddir in gret hy ſall thai rid.
" Cum we then on thaim at a ſid,
" And we ſall be at awantage;
" For fra thai in our cariage
" Be entryt, thai ſall cumbryt be;
" And than, with all our mycht, may we
" Lay on, and do all that we may."
All as he ordanyt done haff thai.
And thai that come out off *Coigners*
Addreſſyt thaim to the baners;
And ſmate with ſpurs in hy;
And ruſhit amang tham ſedanly.
The barrell ferrars that war thar
Cumbryt thaim faſt that rydand war.

And then the Erle, with hys bataill,
Come on, and ſadly gan aſſaill.
And Schyr EDUUARD, a litill by,
Aſſemblyt ſua rycht hardely,
That mony a fey fell undre fete.
The feld wox ſone off blud all wete.

With

With ſa gret felny thar thai faucht;
And ſic routs till othyr raucht,
With ſtok, with ſtane, and with retret,
As aythir part gan othyr bet;
That it wes hidwyſs for to ſe.
Thai mantenyt that gret mellé
Sa knychtlyk apon aythir ſid,
Giffand and takand routs roid,
That pryme wes paſſyt, or men mycht ſe,
Quha maſt at thar abow mycht be.
Bot ſone eftre that pryme wes paſt
The *Scotts men* dang on ſa faſt,
And ſchot on thaim at abandoun,
As ilk man war a campion,
That all thair fayis tuk the flycht.
Wes nane off thaim, that wes ſa wycht,
That ewir durſt abid hys fer;
Bot ilk man fled hys wayis ſer.

To the toun fled the maiſt party.
And Erle THOMAS ſa egryly,
And hys route, chaſſyt with ſwerds bar,
That all amang thaim mellyt war,
That altogyddir come in the toun.
Than wes the ſlauchtre ſa feloune,
That all the ruys ran off blud.
Thaim that thai gat to dede all yhud;
Swa that than weill ner war dede
As fele as in the bataill ſtede.

The Syvewarme wes takyn thar.
Bot ſa rad wes RYCHARD off CLAR,
That he fled to the ſouth countré.
All that moneth I trow that he
Sall haf na gud will for to fycht.
Schyr IHONE STEWART, a noble knycht,
Wes woundyt throw the body thar,
With a ſper that ſcharply ſchar.
Bot to *Montpeller* went he ſyne,
And lay thar lang intill helyne:
And at the laſt helyt wes he.
Schyr EDUUARD than, with hys menye,
Tuk in the toun thair herbery.
That nycht thai blyth war, and joly,
For the wictour that thai had thar.
And on the morne, forowtyn mar,
Schyr EDUUARD gert men gang and ſe
All the wictaill off that cyté;
And thai fand ſic foyſoun tharin
Off corne, and flour, and wax, and wyne,
That thai off it had gret ferly.
And Schyr EDUUARD gert halily
Intill *Cragfergus* caryit be.
Syne thyddir went hys men and he,
And held the ſege full ſtarwartly,
Quhill Palme Sonday wes paſſit by.

Ver. 75. Editions read the 'The *Swaryn*.' I cannot interpret either.

Ver. 83. Hence it appears that, even in theſe times, Montpelier was famous for it's invigorating clime.

Than,

Than, quhill the Twyſday in Payſs-wouk,
On ayther half thai trewys touk;
Swa that thai mycht that haly tid
In pennance, and in pryer bid.

Bot, apon the Paſche-ewyn rycht,
To the caſtell, into the nycht,
Fra *Dewillyne* ſchippys come fyften,
Chargyt with armyt men bedene:
Four thowſand trow I weill thai war.
In the caſtell thai entryt ar:
The MAWNDWEILL auld Schyr THOMAS
Capitane off that menye was.

Intill the caſtell priuely
Thai entryt, for thai had gret ſpy
That mony off Schyr EDUUARDS men
War ſcalyt in the countré then.
Tharfor thai thoucht in the mornyng
Till iſch, but langer delaying,
And to ſuppriſs thaim ſuddanly;
For thai thoucht thai ſuld traiſtly,
For the trewys that takyn war.
Bot I trow falſet euirmar
Sall haif unfayr and ewill ending.
Schyr EDDUARD wyſt off this nathing;
For off treſoun had he na thoucht.
Bot for the trew he lewyt noucht

Ver. 107. Dublin, on ancient coins *Dyflin*.

To ſet wachis to the caſtell:
Ilk nycht he gert men walk it wele.
And NELE FLEMYNG wachit that nycht,
With ſexty men, worthy and wycht.

And alſone as the day wes cler,
Thai that within the caſtell wer
Had armyt thaim, and maid thaim boun,
And ſone thair bryg awalyt doun,
And iſchit into gret plenté.
And quhen NELE FLEMMING gan thaim ſe,
He ſend ane to the King in hy;
And ſaid to thaim that war hym by,
"Now ſall men ſe, Ik undretak,
"Quha dar dey for hys Lords ſak.
"Now ber yow weill, for ſykyrly
"With all this menye fecht will I.
"Intill bargane thaim hald ſall we,
"Quhill that our mayſter army be."

Ver. 137. Edward Bruce was not crowned king of Ireland till 2d May, 1316. *Annals.*

See a letter from Sir Griffith Lluyd, who rebelled in Wales, to Edward Bruce, in Caradoc of Llancarvon's hiſtory of Wales, London, 1697, 8vo. p. 311. *Nobili in Chriſto Conqueſtori, Edwardo Illuſtriſſimo Regi Hiberniæ*, &c. Sir Griffith entreats his ſupport againſt the king of England. The anſwer of king Edward is given p. 312.

Edward Bruce's conqueſt of Ireland, tho' of ſhort duration, is ſtrong in the tradition of the Iriſh; and many forts are called Bruce's caſtles. See Hamilton's Remarks on the northern parts of Ireland, &c.

And with that word aſſemblyt thai.
Thai wer to few all out, perfay,
With ſic a gret rout for to fycht.
Bot not forthy with all thair mycht
Thai dang on thaim ſa hardely,
That all thair fayis had gret ferly,
That thai war all off ſwilk manheid,
As thai na dreid had off thair dede.
Bot thair fayis ſa gan aſſaile,
That na worſchip thar mycht awaill.
Than thai war ſlane up euirilkane,
Sa clene, that thar eſchapyt nane.

And the man that went to the King,
For to warne hym off thair iſching,
Warnyt hym in full gret hy:
Schyr EDUUARD wes comonaly
Callyt the King off *Irland*.
And quhen he hard ſik thing on hand,
In full gret haſt he gat hys ger.
Twelf wycht men in hys chambre wer,
That armyt thaim in full gret hy.
Syne with hys baner hardely
The mydds off the toun he tays.
Weill ner cumand war hys fayis,
That had delt all thair men in thre:
The MAWNDWEILL, with a gret menye,
Rycht throw the toun the way held doun;
The lave on aythir ſyd the toun

Held,

Held, to mete thaim that fleand war.
Thai thoucht that all that thai fand thar
Suld dey, but ranſoun, euirilkane:
Bot othyrwayis the gle is gane.

For Schyr EDUUARD, with hys baner,
And hys twelff I tauld yow off er,
On all the rowte ſwa hardely
Aſſemblyt, that it wes ferly.
For GIB HARPAR befor hym yeid,
That wes the douchteaſt in deid
That than wes leuand, off hys ſtate;
And with an ax maid hym ſic gat,
That he the fyrſt fellyt to ground.
And off thre, in a litill ſtound,
The MAWNDWEILL be hys armyng
He knew, and rout hym ſik a ſwing
That he till erd yeid haſtily.
Schyr EDUUARD, that wes ner hym by,
Reuerſyt hym, and with a knyff
Rycht in that place reft hym the lyff.

With that off *Ardroſſane* FERGUS,
That wes a knycht rycht curageous,
Aſſemblyt with ſexty and ma.
Thai preſſyt than thair fayis ſua,

Ver. 193. Fergus of Ardroſſan, according to the Annaliſt, was ſlain 26th January, 1316. But in 1320 he is one of the Scotiſh Barons who addreſs the famous letter to the Pope.

That

That thai that ſaw thair lord ſlayne,
Tynt hart, and wald haf bene agayne.
And ay as *Scotts men* mycht be
Armyt, thai come to the mellé:
And dang apon thair fayis ſua,
That thai all the bak gan ta;
And thai thaim chaſſyt to the yat,
Thar wes hard fecht, and gret debat.
Thar ſlew Schyr EDUUARD, with hys hand,
A knycht that off all *Irland*
Wes callyt beſt, and off maiſt bounté,
To ſyrnam MAWNDWEILL had he,
Hys awne name I can noucht ſay.
Bot hys folk to ſa hard aſſay
War ſet, as thai off the dungeoun
Durſt opyn na yhat, na brig lat doun.
And Schyr EDUUARD, Ik tak on hand,
Soucht thaim that fled thar to warand
Sa felly, that off all perfay
That iſchit apon hym that day,
Thar eſchapyt neuir ane,
Bot thaim war aythir tane or ſlane.

For to the fycht MAKNAKILL then
Come, with twa hundreth ſpermen.
And thai ſlew all thai mycht to wyn.
This ilk MAKNAKILL, with a gyn,

Ver. 222. A *gyn* is here a ſtratagem.

Wan

Wan off thair ſchippys four or fyve;
And haly reft the men thair lyve.

Quhen end wes maid off this fechting,
Yeit then wes lyffand NELE FLEMYNG.
Schyr EDUUARD went hym for to ſe;
About hym ſlayne lay hys menye
All in a lump, on aythir hand;
And he redy to dey, throwand.
Schyr EDUUARD had off hym pité,
And hym full gretly menyt he;
And regretyt hys gret manheid,
And hys worſchip, and douchty deid.
Sic mayn he maid men had gret ferly;
For he wes not cuſtummabilly
Wont for to mayne men ony thing;
Na wald not her men mak menying.
He ſtud tharby till he wes ded;
And ſyne had hym till haly ſted;
And hym with worſchip gert he be
Erdyt, with gret ſolymnyté.

On this wyſs iſchit MAWNDWEILL.
Bot ſekyrly falſet and gyle
Sall alwayis haf an iwill ending,
As weill is ſene by this iſching.
In tyme off trewys iſchyt thai;
And in ſic tyme as on Paſche-day,

Ver. 225. This battle, in which Sir Neil Fleming was ſlain, was fought on the 11th April, 1316. *Annals.*

Quhen

Quhen God raiſs for to ſauf mankyne,
Fra wein of auld Adamys ſyne.
Tharfor ſa gret myſchance thaim fell
That ilk ane, as ye hard me tell,
War ſlayn up, or takyn thar.
And thai, that in the caſtell war,
War ſet intill ſa gret a ſtour,
For thai couth ſe quhar na ſuccour
Suld come to releyff; and thai
Tretyt; and till a ſchort day
The caſtell till hym yauld fre,
To ſauff thaim lyff, and lym. And he
Held thaim full well hys cunnand.
The caſtell tuk he in hys hand;
And wyttalyt wele; and has ſet
A gud wardane it for to kept.
And a quhill tharin reſtyt he;
Off hym na mar now ſpek will we.

Bot to KING ROBERT will we gang,
That we haff left unſpokyn off lang.
Quhen he had conwoyit to the ſe
Hys brodyr EDUUARD, and hys menye,
And othyr men off gret noblay,
To *Tarbart* thai held thair way,

In

Ver. 267. The poet returns to the year 1315, in which king Robert ſubdued the Hebudes: the chain of Iriſh tranſactions having led him beyond his chronology.

Editions

In galayis ordanyt for thair far.
Bot thaim worthyt draw thair ſchippys thar;
And a myle wes betwix the ſeys,
Bot that wes lompnyt all with treys.
The KING hys ſchyppis thar gert draw.
And for the wynd couth ſtoutly blaw
Apon thair bak, as thai wald ga,
He gert men rapys and maſts ta,
And ſet thaim in the ſchippys hey,
And ſaylls to the toppis tey;
And gert men gang tharby drawand.
The wynd thaim helpyt that wes blawand,
Swa that, in a litill ſpace,
Thair flote all our drawin was.

And quhen thai that in the *Ilis* war
Hard tell how the gud KING had thar
Gert hys ſchippys with ſaills ga
Owt our betwix *Tarbart* twa,
Thai war abayſit ſua uttrely.
For thai wyſt, throw auld prophecy,

Editions after ver. 270 inſert:

With his ſhips he made him yare
Into the Iles for to fare.
Walter Stewart with him took he,
His maich, and with hym gret menye;
And other men, &c.

Rightly it is believed.

The Tarbat is the narrow neck of land at the northern extremity of Cantire. Magnus, king of Norway, is ſaid in 1098 to have, in like manner, drawn his ſhips acroſs this neck of land.

That

That he that ſuld gar ſchyppis ſwa
Betwix the ſeis with ſaills ga,
Suld wyne the *Ilis* ſua till hand,
That nane with ſtrenth ſuld hym withſtand.
Tharfor thai come all to the KING.
Wes nane withſtud hys bidding,
Owtakyn IHONE off LORNE allane.
Bot weill ſone eftre wes he tane;
And preſent rycht to the KING.
And thai thar war off hys leding,
That till the KING had brokyn fay,
War all dede, and deſtroyit away.

This IHONE off LORNE the KING has tane,
And ſend hym furth to *Dumbertane*,
A quhill in priſoun thar to be.
Syne to *Louchlewyn* ſend wes he:
Quhar he wes quhill thar feſtnyng;
I trow he maid tharin ending.

The KING quhen all the *Ilis* war
Broucht till hys liking, les and mar,
All that ſeſoun thar duellyt he,
At hunting, gamyn, and at gle.

Quhen the KING apon this maner
Dawntyt the *Ilis*, as I tell her,

Ver. 306. Now Dunbarton.

Ver. 308. The caſtle in Lochleven, afterward the priſon of the unfortunate Mary.

The

The gud Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS
Intill the foreſt duelland was,
Defendand worthely the land.
That tym in *Berwik* wes duelland
EDMOUND DE CAILOW, a *Gaſcoune*,
That wes a knycht off gret renoune;
And intill *Gaſcoune*, hys cuntré,
Lord off gret ſenyowry wes he.
He had *Berwik* in keping:
And maid a priué gadryng,
And gat hym a gret cumpany
Off wicht men armit jolely.
And the nethyr ende off *Tewidale*
He prayit doun till hym all hale,
And off the *Mers* a gret party;
Syne towart *Berwik* went in hy.

Schyr ADAM off GORDOUN, that than
Wes becommyn *Scotts man*,
Saw thaim dryf ſua away thair fe;
And wend thai had bene quhone, for he
Wald

Ver. 336. Editions read:

Saw them drive ſo away his fee;
And weind they wheen were, for that he
Saw but the fleeing ſkail perfay,
And them that ſeezed on the prey.
Than to Sir James of Douglas
In full great hy the way he taes;
And told how Engliſhmen their prey
Had tane; and ſyn wer went away
Toward Berwick with all their fee.
And ſaid they wheen were; and if he
Would

Wald ſped hym, he ſuld weill lichtly
Wyn thaim, and reſkew all the ky.
With knawis and ſwanys, that na mycht
Had for to ſtand in feld and fycht;
The lave behind thaim maid a ſtale.
The DOWGLAS ſaw thair lump all hale;
And ſaw thaim off ſa gud cowine,
And ſaw thai war ſa mony ſyne,
That thai for ane off hys war twa.
" Lordings," he ſaid, " ſen it is ſua
" That we haff chaſſyt on ſic maner,
" That we now cummyn ar ſa ner,
" That we may not eſchew the fycht,
" Bot giff we fouly tak the flycht;
" Lat ilkane on hys leman mene;
" And how he mony tym has bene

Would ſpeed him, he ſhould well lightly
Win them, and reſcue all the ky.
Sir James ſoon gave his aſſent
To follow them: and forth is went,
And followed them in full great hy,
And came well near them haſtily.
For, ere they might fully ſee,
They came well near with their menye.
Bot then both forray, and the ſcail,
Were knit into a ſop all hail;
With knavis and ſwains, &c.

As this account is rather prolix, ſo the reading of the MS. is certainly ſo brief as to injure the meaning.

Ver. 351. Let every one think on his miſtreſs; a common injunction in the days of chivalry.

" In gret thrang, and weill cummyn away;
" Think we to do rycht ſua to day.
" And tak we off this furd herby
" Our awantage; for in gret hy
" Thai ſall cum on us for to fycht.
" Set we than will, and ſtrenth, and mycht,
" For to mete thaim rycht hardely."
And with that word full haſtely
He diſplayit hys baner,
For hys fayis war cummyn ner.
That quhen thai ſaw he wes ſa quhoyne,
Thoucht thai ſuld with thaim ſone haff done,
And aſſemblyt full hardely.
Thar men mycht ſe men fycht fely,
And a rycht cruell mellé mak;
And mony ſtrakys giff and tak.

The DOWGLAS thar weill hard was ſtad.
Bot the gret hardyment that he had
Confort hys men on ſic awyſs,
That na man thoucht on cowardyſs;
Bot faucht ſa faſt, with all thair mayne,
That thai fele off thair fayis has ſlayne.
And thouch thai be weill fer way ma
Than thai, yeit euyr demanyt thaim ſua,
That EDMOUND DE CAILOW wes dede
Rycht in that ilk fechtyn ſtede.
And all the lave, fra he wes done,
War planly diſcomfyt ſone.

And thai that chaſſyt ſum has ſlayn,
And turnyt the prayis all agayn.

The hardaſt fycht forſuth this was
That euir the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
Was in, as off ſa few menye.
For not had bene hys gret bounté,
That ſlew thair cheyftane in that fycht;
Hys men had all to dede bene dycht.
He had intill cuſtoume alway,
Quheneuir he come till hard aſſay,
To preyſs hym the cheyftane to ſla,
And her fell hap that he did ſua;
That gert hym haff victour fele ſyſs.
Quhen Schyr EDMOUND apon this wyſs
Wes deid, the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
To the *foreſt* hys wayis tais.
Hys fayis gretly gan hym dreid;
The word ſprang weile fer off hys deid,
Swa that in *Ingland* ner tharby
Men ſpak off it commonaly.
Schyr ROBERT NEVILE that tid
Wonnyt at *Berwik*, ner beſid
The *march*, quhar the Lord DOWGLAS
In the *foreſt* repayrand was;
And had at hym full gret inwy,
For he ſaw hym ſa manlily
Mak ay hys bounds mar and mar.
He hard the folk that with hym war

Spek off the Lord DOWGLAS mycht,
And how he forſye wes in fycht,
And how he fell oft fayr fortoun.
He wrechyt tharat all ſone;
And ſaid, " Quhat wene ye is thar nane
" That euir is worth bot he allane?
" Ye ſet hym as he wer but per.
" Bot Ik awow, befor yow her,
" Giff euir he come intill this land,
" He ſall fynd me ner at hys hand.
" And giff Ik euir hys baner
" May ſe diſplayit apon wer,
" I ſall aſſembill on hym but dout,
" Althouch yhe hald hym neuir ſa ſtout."

Off this awow ſone bodward was
Broucht to Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS,
That ſaid, " Giff he wald hald hys hycht
" I ſall do ſa he ſall haff ſycht
" Off me, and my cumpany,
" Yheit or oucht lang, weill ner hym by."

Hys retenew than gaderyt he,
That war gud men off gret bounté,
And till the *march*, in gud aray,
Apon a nycht he tuk the way.
Swa that, into the mornyng arly,
He wes, with all hys cumpany,
Befor *Berwik:* and thar he maid
Men to diſplay hys baner brad.

And

And off hys menye ſum ſent he
For to bryn townys twa or thre.
And had thaim ſone agayne thaim ſped;
Swa that on hand, giff thar cum ned,
Thai mycht befor the fycht be redy.
The NEWILL that wyſt wittily
That DOWGLAS cummyn was ſa ner,
And ſaw all brad ſtand hys baner,
Than with the folk that with hym war,
(And he had a gret menye thar;
For all the gud off that countré
Intill that tyme with hym had he;
Swa that he thar with hym had then
Well may than war the *Scotts men*;)
He held hys way up till a hill.
And ſaid, " Lordings, it war my will
" To mak end off the gret deray
" That DOWGLAS mayis us ilk day.
" Bot me think it ſpedfull that we
" Abid, quhill hys men ſcalyt be
" Throw the countré, to tak thair pray:
" Than forſely ſchout on thaim we may;
" And we ſall haff thaim at our will."
Than all thai gaff aſſent thartill:
And on the hill abaid howand.
The men faſt gadryt of the land,
And drew till hym in full gret hy.
The DOWGLAS than, that wes worthy,
Thoucht it wes foly mar to bid:
Towart the hill than gan he rid.

And quhen the NEWILL ſaw that thai
Wald not paſs furth to the forray,
Bot preſſyt to thaim with thair mycht,
He wyſt weill than that thai wald fycht.
And till hys mengye gan he ſay,
" Lordings, now hald we furth owr way.
" Her is the flour off the countré;
" And may than thai alſua ar we.
" Aſſembill we than hardely,
" For DOWGLAS, with yone yhwmanry,
" Sall haff na mycht till us perfay."
Than in a fruſche aſſemblyt thai.

Than mycht men her the ſpers braſt,
And ilkane ding on oythir faſt;
And blud bryſt owt at wownds wid.
Thai faucht faſt apon ayther ſid;
For aythir party gan thaim payn
To put thair fayis on bak agayn.

The Lords off NEWILL and DOWGLAS,
Quhen at the fechting fellaſt was,
Met togyddyr, rycht in the preyſs.
Betwix thaim than gret bargane wes.
Thai faucht felly with all thair maucht:
Gret routs ayther othyr raucht.
Bot DOWGLAS ſtarkar wes, Ik hycht,
And mar uſyt alſua to fycht;
And he ſet hart, and will alſua,
For to deleuir hym off hys fa,

Quhill

Quhill at the laſt, with mekill mayn
Off forſs, than NEWILL has he ſlayn.

Then hys enſenye hey gan cry;
And on the lave ſa hardely
He ruſchyt, with hys menye,
That intill ſchort tyme men mycht ſe
Thair fayis tak thaim to the flycht.
And thai thaim chaſſyt, with all thair mycht.
Schyr RAWFF NEWILL in the chaſs,
And the baron off HILLTOUN was
Takyn; and othyrs off mekill mycht.
Thar wes fele ſlayne into that fycht,
That worthy in thair tyme had bene.
And quhen the feld wes clengyt clene,
Swa that thair fayis euirilkane
War ſlayn, or chaſſyt away, or tane,
Than gert he forray all the land;
And ſeſyt all that euir thai fand.
And brynt townies in thair way;
Syne hale and fer cumyn ar thai.

The preys amang hys menye,
Eftre thair merits, delt he;
And held na thing till hys behuff.
Sic deds aucht to ger men luff

Ver. 514. That is, they came away 'whole and fair,' complete, and in good array.

Thair lord: and ſua thai did perfay.
He tretyt thaim ſua wyſely ay,
And with ſa mekill luff alſua,
And ſic awanſement wald ma
Off thair deid, that the maſt cowart
He maid ſtoutar than a libbart.
With cheryſing this gat maid he
Hys men wycht, and off gret bounté.

Quhen NEWILL thus was broucht to ground,
And off CAILOW auld Schyr EDMOUND,
The drede off the Lord off DOWGLAS,
And hys renoun, ſa ſcalyt was
Throw out the marchis off *Ingland*,
That all that tharin war wonnand
Dred hym, as the fell dewill off hell.
And yheit haf Ik herd oftſyſs tell,
That he ſa gretly dred was than
That quhen wiwys wald childre ban;
Thai wald rycht with an angry face
Beteth thaim to the blak DOWGLAS.
Throw hys gret worſchip and bounté
Swa with hys fayis dred wes he,
That thaim growyt to her hys name.
He may at eſe naw duell at hame
A quhill, for I trow he ſall noucht
With fayis all a quhill be ſoucht.

Ver. 536. A trite illuſtration of a terrible name. It is told of Talbot, of Marlborough, &c. &c.

Now

Now lat hym in the *foreſt* be.
Off hym ſpek now na mar will we;
Bot off Schyr EDUUARD the worthy,
That, with all hys chewalry,
Wes in *Cragfergus* yeit liand,
To ſpek mar we will tak on hand.

THE END OF BUKE XV.

THE

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE XVI.

ARGUMENT.

King ROBERT *paſſis intill Irland to aſſiſt his brother —with five thuſand he fechts again forty thuſand. —Thai march throuch Irland to Limeric, and back to Craigfergus.*

DOUGLAS *ſlais Schir* THOMAS *of* RICHMOUND. *The biſchop of Dunkeld defetis the Inglis ner Dunfermlin.*

King ROBERT *returnis fra Irland.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XVI.

QUHEN Schyr EDUUARD, as Ik ſaid er,
Had diſcomfyt RICHARD off CLAR,
And off *Irland* all the barnage
Thriſs, throw hys worthy waſſalage,
And ſyne with all hys men off mayn
Till *Cragfergus* wes cummyn agayn;
The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,
Tuk leyff in *Scotland* for to paſs.
And he hym levyt with a gruching;
And ſyne hym chargyt to the KING,
To pray hym ſpecially that he
Cum intill *Irland*, hym till ſe.
For, war thai bath into that land,
Thai ſuld fynd nane ſuld thaim withſtand.

The Erle furth than hys way has tane,
And till hys ſchipping is he gane;
And ſayllyt weill out our the ſe;
Intill *Scotland* ſone arywit he.

Syne

Syne till the KING he went in hy.
And he reſawyt hym glaidſumly;
And ſperyt off hys brodyr fayr,
And off journayis that thai had thar.
And he him tauld all but leſing.
Quhen the KING left had the ſpering,
Hys charge to the gud KING tauld he.
And he ſaid he wald blythly ſe
Hys brodyr, and ſe the affer
Off that countré, and off thair wer.

A gret mengye than gaddryt he,
And twa lords off gret bounté;
The tane the STEWART, WALTRE, was,
The tothyr JAMES off DOWGLAS,
Wardanys in hys abſence maid he;
For to mayneteyne weill the countré.

Syne to the ſe he tuk the way;
And at *Lochriane* in *Galloway*
He ſchippit, with all hys mengye.
To *Cragfergus* ſone cummyn is he.
Schyr EDUUARD off hys come wes blyth;
And went doun to mete hym ſwyth;
And welcumyt hym with glaidſum cher:
Sa did he all that with hym wer;
And ſpecially the Erle THOMAS
Off MURREFF, that hys newo was.

Ver. 29. Summer 1316.

Syne

Syne till the caſtell went thai yar,
And maid thaim mekill feſt and far.
Thai ſoiournyt thar dayis thre,
And that in myrth and jolyté.

King ROBERT, apon thys kyn wyſs,
Intill *Irland* arywit is,
And quhen in *Cragfergus* had he
With hys men ſoiournyt dayis thre,
Thai tuk to cunſaill that thai wald,
With all thair folk, thair wayis hald
Throw all *Irland*, fra end till othyr.
Schyr EDUUARD than, the KINGS brothyr,
Befor in the awaward raid;
The KING hymſelff the rerward maid,
That had intill hys cumpany
The Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy.
Thair wayis ſouthwart haff thai tane,
And ſone ar paſſyt euirilkane.

This wes in the moneth off May,
Quhen byrds ſyngs on ilka ſpray;
Melland thair nots with ſeymly ſoune,
For ſoftnes off the ſuet ſeſoun.
And levys off the branches ſpreds,
And blomys brycht beſid thaim breds;
And felds ar ſtrowyt with flours,
Weill ſawerand, off ſer colours:
And all thing worthis blyth and gay.
Quhen that this gud KING tuk hys way

To rid ſouthwart, as I ſaid ar,
The wardane than, Schyr RICHARD off CLAR,
Wyſt the KING wes arywyt ſwa,
And wyſt that he ſchuip hym to ta
Hys way towart the ſouth countré.
And off all *Irland* aſſemblyt he
Bath burges and chewalry;
And hobelers and yhumanry;
Quhill he had ner fourty thouſand.
Bot he wald not yeit tak on hand
With all hys fayis in feld to fycht.
Bot he unbethoucht hym off ane ſlycht,
That he with all that gret menye
Wald in wod enbuſchyt be,
All priuely beſid the way,
Quhar that thair fayis ſuld away;
And lat the awaward paſs fer by,
And ſyne aſſembill hardely
On the rereward, with all thair men.
Thai did as thai dewiſit then.
In ane wod thai enbuſchyt wer:
The *Scotts* oft raid by thaim ner;
Bot thai na ſchawing off thaim maid.
Schyr EDUUARD weill fer forouth raid,
With thaim that war off hys menye;
To the rerward na tent tuk he.

And Schyr RICHARD off CLAR in hy,
Quhen Schyr EDUUARD wes paſſyt by,

Send

Send lycht yhumen, that weill couth ſchout,
To bykker the rerward apon ſute.
Than twa off thaim that ſend furth war
At the wod ſyd thaim bykkyryt thar;
And ſchot amang the *Scotts* men.
The KING, that had thar with hym then
Weill fyve thouſand, wycht and worthy,
Saw thir twa ſa abandounly
Schut amang thaim, and cum ſa ner;
He wyſt rycht weill, withowtyn wer,
That thai rycht ner ſuppowall had.
Tharfor a bidding has he mad,
That na man ſall be ſa hardy
To prik at thaim, bot ſarraly
Rid redy ay into bataill,
To defend giff men wald aſſaill.
"For we ſall ſone, Ik undreta,"
He ſaid, "haf for to do with ma."

Bot Schyr COLYNE CAMBELL, that ner
War by quhar thaiſe twa yhumen wer,
Schowtand amang thaim hardely,
Prikyt on thaim in full gret hy;
And ſone the tane has he ourtane,
And with the ſper hym ſone hes ſlane.
The tothyr turnyt and ſchot agayne;
And at a ſchot hys horſs hes ſlayne.
With that the KING come haſtily,
And, intill hys malancoly,

With a trounſoune intill hys neve
To Schyr COLYNE ſic duſche he geve,
That he dynnyt on hys arſoun.
That bad he ſmertly tit hym doun.
Bot othyr lords, that war hym by
Ameyſſyt the KING into party.
And he ſaid, " Breking off bidding
" Mycht cauſs all our diſcomfyting.
" Weyne ye yone ribalds durſt aſſaill
" Us ſa ner, intill our bataill,
" Bot giff thai had ſuppowaill ner?
" I wate rycht weill, withowtyn wer,
" That we ſall haf to do in hy;
" Tharfor luk ilk man be redy."

With that weill ner threty, or ma,
Off bowmen come, and bykyrit ſwa
That thai hurt off the KINGS men.
The KING hes gert hys archers then
Schoute, for to put thaiſe men agayne.
With that thai entryt in a playne;
And ſaw arayit agayne thaim ſtand,
In four bataills, fourty thouſand.

The KING ſaid, " Now, lordings, lat ſe
" Quha worthy in this fycht ſall be.

Ver. 150. This battle is not duly authenticated. See Lord Hailes's Annals:

" On

« On thaim, forowtyn mar abaid!"
Sa ſtoutly than on thaim thai raid,
And aſſemblyt ſa hardely,
That off thair fayis a gret party
Was laid at erd, at thair meting.
Thar wes off ſpers ſic briſting,
As aythir apon othyr raid,
That it a wele gret fruſche hes maid.
Horſs come thar fruſchand heid for heid,
Swa that fele on the ground fell deid.
Mony a wycht and worthy man,
As ayther apon othyr than,
War duſchyt dedé, doun to the ground.
The red blud out off mony a wound
Ruſchyt in ſa gret foyſoun than,
That off the blud the ſtremys ran.
And thai, that wraith war, and angry,
Dang on othyr ſa hardely,
With wapnys that war brycht and bar,
That mony a gud man deyit thar.
For thai that hardy war and wycht,
And ſtoutlynys with thair fayis gan fycht,
Preſſyt thaim formaſt for to be.
Thar mycht men cruell bargane ſe;
And hard bataill, Ik tak on hand.
In all the wer off *Irland*
Sa hard a fychting wes not ſene,
The quheyr of gret wictours nynetene
Schyr EDUUARD has, withowtyn wer;
And into les than in thre yer.

With a trounſoune intill hys neve
To Schyr COLYNE ſic duſche he geve,
That he dynnyt on hys arſoun.
That bad he ſmertly tit hym doun.
Bot othyr lords, that war hym by
Ameyſſyt the KING into party.
And he ſaid, " Breking off bidding
" Mycht cauſs all our diſcomfyting.
" Weyne ye yone ribalds durſt aſſaill
" Us ſa ner, intill our bataill,
" Bot giff thai had ſuppowaill ner?
" I wate rycht weill, withowtyn wer,
" That we ſall haf to do in hy;
" Tharfor luk ilk man be redy."

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Off bowmen come, and bykyrit ſwa
That thai hurt off the KINGS men.
The KING hes gert hys archers then
Schoute, for to put thaiſe men agayne.
With that thai entryt in a playne;
And ſaw arayit agayne thaim ſtand,
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As aythir apon othyr raid,
That it a wele gret fruſche hes maid.
Horſs come thar fruſchand heid for heid,
Swa that fele on the ground fell deid.
Mony a wycht and worthy man,
As ayther apon othyr than,
War duſchyt dedé, doun to the ground.
The red blud out off mony a wound
Ruſchyt in ſa gret foyſoun than,
That off the blud the ſtremys ran.
And thai, that wraith war, and angry,
Dang on othyr ſa hardely,
With wapnys that war brycht and bar,
That mony a gud man deyit thar.
For thai that hardy war and wycht,
And ſtoutlynys with thair fayis gan fycht,
Preſſyt thaim formaſt for to be.
Thar mycht men cruell bargane ſe;
And hard bataill, Ik tak on hand.
In all the wer off *Irland*
Sa hard a fychting wes not ſene,
The quheyr of gret wictours nynetene
Schyr EDUUARD has, withowtyn wer;
And into les than in thre yer.

And in ſyndry batailles of tha
Wencuſſyt threty thouſand and ma,
With trappyt horſs rycht to the fete.
Bot in all tymys he wes yete,
Ay ane for fyve, quhen leſt, was he.
Bot the KING, into this mellé,
Had alwayis aucht off hys ſamen
For ane. Bot he ſua bar hym then,
That hys gud deid and hys bounté
Comfortyt ſua all hys menye,
That the maſt coward hardy wes.
For quhar he ſaw the thikkeſt preſs,
Sa hardely on thaim he raid,
That thar about hym rowme he maid.
And Erle THOMAS, the worthy,
Wes in all tyme ner hym by;
And faucht as he war in a rage.
Swa that for thair gret waſſalage
Thair man ſic hardyment gan tak,
That thai na perill wald forſak;
Bot thaim abandound ſa ſtoutly,
And dang apon thaim ſa hardely,
That all thair fayis affrayit war.
And thai, that ſaw weill be thair far
That thai eſchewyt ſum dele the fycht,
Than dang thai on with all thair mycht,
And in thair fleyng fele gan ſla.
The KINGS men has chaſſyt ſwa,
That thai war ſcalyt euirilkane.
RYCHARD off CLAR the way has tane

To

To *Dewillyne*, in full gret hy,
With othyr lordis that fled hym by.
And warnyſit bath caſtells and townys,
That war in thair poſſeſſiownys.

Thai war ſa felly fleyit thar
That I trow Schyr RICHARD off CLAR
Sall haff na will to faynd hys mycht,
In bataill na in forſs to fycht,
Quhill King ROBERT, and hys menye,
Is duelland in that cuntré.
Thai ſtuffyt ſtrets on this wiſs.
And the KING, that wes to priſs,
Saw in the feld rycht mony ſlayn.
And ane off thaim, that thar wes tane,
That was arayit jolyly
He ſaw greit, wondre tendrely,
And aſkyt hym quhy he maid ſic cher.
He ſaid hym, " Schyr, withowtyn wer,
" It is na wondre thoucht I gret,
" I ſe fele her loſſyt the ſuet
" The flour off all North *Irland*,
" That hardyaſt war off thair hand,

Ver. 223. Editions read:

They ſtuffed ſtrengths on this wiſe.

That is, they garriſoned the caſtles.

Ver. 228. *Greit* is weep.

Ver. 232. Editions have:

I ſe ſo many ſlain at my feet.

" And maſt dowtyt in hard aſſay."
The KING ſaid, " Yow dow wrang perfay,
" Yow has mar cauſs myrthis to ma,
" For yow the dede eſchapyt ſua."

RICHARD off CLAR, on this maner,
And all hys folk, diſcomfyt wer,
With few folk, as I to yow tauld.
And quhen Schyr EDUUARD BRUYSS, the bauld,
Wyſt at the KING had fouchtyn ſwa,
With ſwa fele folk, and he tharfra,
Mycht na man ſe a waer man.
Bot the gud KING ſaid till hym than,
That it wes in hys awne foly,
For he raid ſa unwittely
Sa fer befor, and na waward
Maid to thaim off the rerward:
For he ſaid, quha on wer wald rid
In awaward, he ſuld na tid
Paſs fra hys rerward fer off fycht;
For gret perills ſwa fall thar mycht.

Off this fycht will we ſpek na mar.
Bot the KING, and all that thar war,
Raid furthward in bettre aray,
And nerar togyddyr than er did thai.
Throw all the land planly thai raid.
Thai fand nane that thaim obſtakill maid.
Thai raid ewyn forouth *Drochindra*,
And forouth *Dewillyne* ſyne alſua:

Ver. 261. Drogheda?

And

And to giff bataill nane thai fand.
Syne went thai ſouthwart in the land;
And rycht to *Kynerike* held thair way,
That is the ſouthmaiſt town perfay
That in *Irland* may fundyn be.
Thar lay thai dayis twa or thre:
And buſkyt ſyne agayn to far.
And quhen that thai all redy war,
The KING has hard a woman cry,
He aſkyt quhat that wes in hy.
"It is the layndar, Schyr," ſaid ane,
"That her chyld-ill rycht now hes tane:
"And mon leve now behind us her.
"Tharfor ſche makys yone iwill cher."
The KING ſaid, 'Certs, it war pité
'That ſche in that poynt left ſuld be,
'For certs I trow thar is na man
'That he ne will rew a woman than.'
Hys oſt all thar areſtyt he,
And gert a tent ſone ſtintit be;

Ver. 265. Some editions read Limeric. Perhaps *Kinſale* is meant; for Waterford, Cork, and Aghadoe are ſouth of Limeric: Roſs is even ſouth of Kinſale. It is certain, however, from other authorities, that Bruce's army penetrated as far as Limeric. See *Annals*.

Ver. 271. This tale of our hero's humanity crowns his character; and does honour both to him, and the poet, who had a heart good enough to preſerve it.

A *lavender* is a waſherwoman, or laundreſs. *Lavandiere*, Fr.

And gert hyr gang in haſtely,
And othyr wemen to be hyr by.
Quhill ſche was deleueryt he bad;
And ſyne furth on hys wayis raid.
And how ſche furth ſuld caryit be,
Or euir he furth fur, ordanyt he.
This wes a full gret curtaſy,
That ſwilk a King, and ſa mychty,
Gert hys men duell on this maner,
Bot for a pour lauender.

Agayne northwart thai tuk thair way,
Throw all *Irland* than perfay;
Throw all *Conach*, rycht to *Dewillyne*;
And throw all *Methy*, and *Iereby* ſyne;
And ſyne haly throw *Ulſiſter*,
And *Moneſter*, and *Leneſter*;
To *Cragfergus* forowtyn bataill,
For thar was nane durſt hym aſſail.

The Kings off *Irchery*
Come till Schyr EDUUARD halyly,
And thar manredyn gan hym ma.
Bot, gff that it war ane or twa,

Ver. 296. *Methy* is Meath. For *Iereby* editions have *Tyrel*. Our poet's geography of Ireland is very imperfect.

Ver. 304. That is, there was but a ſkirmiſh or two, before they returned to Carricfergus.

Till

Till *Cragfergus* thai come agayn,
In all that way wes nane bargayn.
Bot giff that ony poynye wer,
That is noucht for to ſpek off her.

The *Irſche* Kings than euirilkane
Haym till thair awne repayr ar gane,
And undretuk in all kyn thing
For till obey to the bidding
Off Schyr EDUUARD, that thair King callit thai.
He wes now weill ſet in gud way
To conquer the land halyly;
For he had apon hys party
The *Irſchery*, and *Ulſyſter*;
And he was ſa furth on hys wer,
That he wes paſſyt throw *Irland*,
Fra end till othyr, throw ſtrenth of hand.
Couth he haf gouernyt hym throw ſkill,
And folowyt not to faſt hys will,
Bot with meſur haf led hys dede,
It wes weill lik, withoutyn drede,
That he mycht haf conqueryt weill
The land off *Irland* ilka dele.
Bot hys utrageouſs ſucquedry,
And will that wes mar than hardy,
Off purpos lettyt hym perfay:
As I hereftre ſall yow ſay.

Ver. 330. The poet paſſes to the year 1317.

Now

Now leve we her the nobill KING,
All at hys eſe, and hys liking,
And ſpek we off the Lord DOWGLAS,
That left to kep the merchis was.
He gert ſet wrychts that war ſleye,
And in the halche off *Lyntailé*
He gert thaim mak a fayr maneer.
And quhen the houſſs biggit wer,
He gert purway hym rycht weill thar;
For he thoucht to mak an infar,
And to mak gud cher till hys men.
In *Rychmound* wes wenand then
The Erle that men callyt Schyr THOMAS.
He had enwy at the DOWGLAS;
And ſaid giff that he hys baner
Mycht ſe diſplayit apon wer,
That ſone aſſembill on it ſuld he.
He herd how DOWGLAS thoucht to be
At *Lyntailey* ane feſt to ma.
And he had wittring weill alſua
That the KING, and a gret menye,
War paſſyt then off the countré;
And the Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS.
Tharfor he thoucht the countré was
Febill off men, for to withſtand
Men that ſuld fecht with ſtalwart hand.
And off the marches than had he
The gouernall, and the pouſté.

He

He gadryt folk about hym then,
Quhill he wes ner ten thouſand men;
And wod axys gert with hym tak;
For he thoucht he hys men wald mak
To hew *Jedwort Foreſt* ſa clene,
That na tre ſuld tharin be ſene.

Thai held thaim forthwart on thair way.
Bot the gud Lord DOWGLAS, that ay
Had ſpyis out on ilka ſid,
Had gud wittring that thai wald rid,
And come apon hym ſedanly.
Than gadryt he rycht haſtily
Thaim that he moucht off hys menye.
I trow that than with hym had he
Fifty, that worthy war and wycht,
At all poynts armyt weill and dycht;
And off archers a gret menye,
Aſſemblyt alſua with hym had he.
A place thar was thar in the way,
Quhar he thoucht weill thai ſuld away,
That had wod apon ayther ſid;
The entré wes weill large and wid,
And as a ſchield it narowit ay,
Quhill at intill a place the way
Wes not a pennyſtane caſt off breid.
The Lord off DOWGLAS thyddir yeid,

Ver. 383. *Pennyſtones* are ſtone quoits ſtill uſed in Scotland.

Quhen

Quhen he wyſt thai war ner cummand,
And in a louch on the ta hand,
Has hys archers enbuſchyt he,
And bad thaim hald thaim all priué,
Quhill that thai hard hym rayſs the cry,
And than thai ſuld ſchout hardely
Amang thair fayis, and ſow thaim ſar
Quhill that he throw thaim paſſyt war;
And ſyne with hym furth hald ſuld thai.
Than byrks on ayther ſyd the way,
That young and thik war growand ner,
He knyt togyddir, on ſic maner
That men mycht not weill throw thaim rid.
Quhen this wes done, he gan abid
Apon the tothyr hald the way.
And RICHMOND, on gud aray,
Come ridand in the fyrſt eſcheill.
The Lord DOWGLAS has ſene hym weill,
And gert hys men all hald thaim ſtill,
Quhill at thair hand thai come thaim till,
And entryt in the narow way.
Than with a ſchout on thaim ſchot thai.
And cryt on hycht, "DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!"
The RYCHMOND, that than worthy wes,
Quhen he has hard ſua rayſs the cry,
And DOWGLAS' baner ſa planly,

Ver. 386. *Louch* is here uſed in its primitive German meaning, for a cavity in the ground; whence the Scotiſh *loch* for a lake, or cavity filled with water.

He

He dreſſyt thyddirwart in hy.
And thai come on ſua hardely,
That thai throw thaim maid thaim the way;
All that thai met till erd bar thai.
The RYCHMOUND borne doun thar was:
On hym areſtyt the DOWGLAS,
And hym reuerſyt, and with a knyff
Rycht in that place reft hym the lyff.
An hat apon hys helm he bar,
And that tuk with hym DOWGLAS thar,
In tuknyng, for it furryt was.
And ſyne in hy thair wayis tais,
Quhill in the wod thai entryt war:
The archyrs weill has borne thaim thar,
For wele and hardely ſchot thai.
The *Inglis* rout in gret affray
War ſet, for DOWGLAS ſuddanly,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
Or euir thai wyſt, war in thair rout,
And thyrlyt thaim weill ner throuchout;
And had almoſt doyn hys dede,
Or thai to help hym couth tak heid.

And quhen thai ſaw thair Lord ſlayn,
Thai tuk hym up, and turnyt agayn,

Ver. 421. As a token, that he might diſcover who the owner was. Lord Hailes remarks, that in Lobineau's hiſtory of Bretagne there is the portrait of an Earl of Richmond, with a furred cap, as here deſcribed.

To

To draw thaim fra thai ſchot away.
Than in a playne aſſemblyt thai,
And for thair Lord, that thar wes dede,
Thai ſchup thaim in that ilk ſtede
For to tak herbery all that nycht.
And than the DOWGLAS, that wes wycht,
Gat wittring ane clerk ELYSS,
With weil thre hundre enymyſs,
All ſtraucht to *Lyntailé* war gayn,
And herbery for thair oft has tane.
Than thyddir is he went in hy,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
And fand clerk ELLYS at the mete;
And hys round about hym ſet.
And thai come on thaim ſtoutly thar,
And with ſuerds that ſcharply ſchar,
Thai ſeruyt thaim full egrely.
Slayn war thai full grewouſly,
That weill ner eſchapyt nane;
Thai ſeruyt thaim on ſa gret wane,
Off ſcherand ſuerds, and with knyffs,
That weill ner all left the lyvys.
Thai had a ſeloun eſtremeſs;
That ſowr chargs to chargand wes.
Thai that eſchapyt thar throw caſs
Rycht till the oft the way taiſs,

Ver. 441. Had advice that a clergyman of the name of Ellis.

Ver. 457. Editions bear *intermais*. *Entremets*. Fr.

And

And tauld how that thair men war ſlayne
Sa clene that thar eſchapyt nane.

And quhen thai off thair oſt had herd
How that the DOWGLAS with thaim ferd,
That had thair herbreyours ſlane,
And ruſchyt all thaimſelf agane,
And ſlew thair Lord in myd thair rout;
Thar wes nane off thaim all ſa ſtout,
That mar will than had till aſſaill
The DOWGLAS. Tharfor to cunſaill
Thai yeid, and to purpoſs has tane
To wend hamwart; and hamewart ar gane.
And ſped thaim ſwa apon thair way,
That in *Ingland* ſone cum ar thai.
The *foreſt* left thai ſtandand ſtill;
To hew it than thai had na will:
Specially quhill the DOWGLAS
Swa ner hand by thair nychtbur was.

And he that ſaw thaim turne agayn,
Perſawyt weill thair Lord wes ſlayn;
And be the hat that he had tane,
He wyſt alſua weill; for ane
That takyn wes ſaid hym ſuthly
That RYCHMOUND commonnaly
Wes wount that furryt hat to wer.
Than DOWGLAS blythar was than er,
For he wyſt weill that RYCHMOUND,
Hys feloun fa, wes broucht to ground.

Schyr

Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS, on thys wyſs,
Throw hys worſchip, and hys empryſs,
Defendyt worthely the land.
This poynt off wer, I tak on hand,
Wes undretane full apertly,
And eſchewyt rycht hardely.
For he na ſtonayit, forowtyn wer,
That folk, that weill ten thouſand wer,
With fyfty armyt men, but ma.
I can als tell how othyr twa
Poynts that weile eſchewyt wer
With fyfty men, and but wer.
This wes the fyrſt that ſa ſtoutly
Wes broucht to end wele with fyfty.

Into *Galloway* the tothyr fell;
Quhen, as ye forouth herd me tell,
Schyr EDUUARD the BRUYSS, with fyfty,
Wencuſſyt of SAINT IHONE Schyr AYMERY,
And fyfty hundre men by tale.
The thred fell intill *Eſdaill*;
Quhen that Schyr IHONE the SOWLS was
The gouernour off all that place,
That to Schyr ANDROW HARDCLAY
With fyfty men withſet the way,
That had thar in hys cumpany
Thre hundre, horſyt jolily.

Ver. 511. Sir Andrew Hardcla, afterward Earl of Carlile, beheaded in 1323 for treaſonable correſpondence with the Scotiſh king.

Thus

Thus Schyr IHONE intill playn melle,
Throw ſowerane hardyment that felle,
Wencuſſyt thaim rycht ſturdely ilkane,
And Schyr ANDROW in hand has tane.
I will not reherſs the maner,
For quhaſa liks thai may her
Young wemen, quhen thai will play,
Syng it amang thaim ilk day.
Thir war the worthy poynts thre,
That I trow euirmar ſall be
Preſſyt, quhile men may on thaim mene.
It is wele worth, forowtyn wene,
That thair namys for euirmar,
That in thair tym ſua worthy war,
That men till her yheit has daynté,
For thair worſchip and thair bounté,
Be leſtand ay furth in lowing;
Quhar he that is off Hewynys King
Bring thaim hey up till Hevynys blis,
Quhar alwayis leſtand lowing is.

In this tyme that the RYCHMOUND
Was on this maner broucht to ground,
Men off the coſt off *Ingland*
That duelt on *Humbre*, or ner hand,
Gadryt thaim a gret menye;
And went in ſchippis to the ſe.

Ver. 518. Took Sir Andrew priſoner.

And towart *Scotland* went in hy,
And in the *Fyrth* come haſtely.
Thai wend till haiff all thair liking,
For thai wyſt full wele that the KING
Wes than far owt off the countré,
With hym mony off gret bounté.
Tharfor into the *Fyrth* come thai,
And enlang it up held thai,
Quhill thai beſid *Inwerkething*,
On weſt halff towart *Dumferlyng*
Tuk land; and faſt begouth to ryve.
The Erl off FYFF, and the ſchyrryve,
Saw to thair coſt ſchippis approchand,
Thai gadryt to defend thair land;
And aforgayn the ſchippis ay,
As thai ſailyt, thai held thair way,
And thoucht to let thaim land to tak.
And quhen the ſchipmen ſaw thaim mak
Swilk contenance, in ſic aray,
Thai ſaid amang thaim all that thai
Wald not let for thaim land to ta.
Than to the land thai ſped thaim ſwa,
That thai come thar in full gret hy,
And arywyt full hardely.

The *Scotts men* ſaw thair cummyng,
And had off thaim ſic abayſing,

Ver. 542. Of Forth.

That

That thai all ſamyn raid thaim fra;
And the land letles lete thaim ta.
Thai durſt not fycht with thaim, forthy
Thai all withdrew thaim halely;
The quhethyr thai war fyve hundre ner.
Quhen thai away this ridand wer,
And na defens begouth to ſchape,
Off *Dunkeldyn* the gud Byſchap,
That men callyt WILYAM SAINTCLER,
Come with a rout in gud maner;
I trow on horſs thai war ſexty.
Hymſelff was armyt jolyly;
And raid apon a ſtalwart ſted;
A chemar, for till hele hys wed,
Apon hys armour had he then;
And armyt weill als wer hys men.

The Erle and the Schyrreff met he,
A waywart with thair gret menye:
And aſkyt thaim weill ſone quhat hy
Maid thaim to turne ſa haſtily.
Thai ſaid thair fayis, with ſtalwart hand,
Had in ſic foyſoun takyn the land,

Ver. 574. William Sinclair, brother of Sir Henry Sinclair, of Roſlin, was biſhop of Dunkeld from about 1308 till about 1324. *Keith.*

Ver. 580. A *chemar* is a looſe upper garment.

Her body ſhaded with a ſlight *cymar*.
Dryden, Cymon and Iph.

That thai thoucht thaim all out to fele,
And thaim to few with thaim to dele.

Quhen the Byſchap hard it wes ſwa;
He ſaid, " The KING aucht weill to ma
" Off yow, that takys ſa wele on hand,
" In hys abſence, to wer hys land.
" Certs giff he gert ſerff yow wele,
" The gilt ſpurs, rycht be the hele,
" He ſuld in hy ger hew yow fra.
" Rycht wald with cowarts men did ſua.
" Quha luffs hys Lord, or hys countré,
" Turne ſmertly now agayne with me!"
With that he keſt off hys chemer,
And hynt in hand a ſtalwart ſper,
And raid towart hys fayis in hy.
All turnyt with hym halely,
For he had thaim reprowyt ſwa,
That off thaim all nane fled hym fra.
He raid befor thaim ſturdyly;
And thai hym folowyt ſarraly,
Quhill that thai come ner approchand
On thair fayis that had tane land.
And ſum war knyt in gud aray;
And ſum war went to the ferray.

The gud Byſchap, quhen he thaim ſaw,
He ſaid, " Lordings, but drede or aw,

Ver. 596. To hew the ſpurs from the heel was a well-known mark of degradation from knighthood.

" Pryk

" Pryk we apon thaim hardyly,
" And we ſall haff thaim weill lychtly,
" Se thai us cum but abayſing,
" Swa that we mak her na ſtynting,
" Thai ſall weill ſone diſcomfyt be.
" Now dois weill; for men ſall ſe
" Quha luffs the KINGS menſk to-day."
Than altogyddir, in gud aray,
Thai prykyt amang thaim ſturdely.
The Byſchap that was rycht hardy,
And mekill, and ſtark, raid forouth ay.
Than in a fruſche aſſemblit thai.
And thai, that at the fyrſt meting,
Feld off the ſpers ſa far ſowing,
Wandyſt, and wald haiff bene away:
Towart the ſchippys in hy held thai,
And thai thaim chaſſyt felounly;
And ſlew thaim ſa diſpitouſly,
That all the felds ſtrowyt war,
Off *Inglis men* that ſlayne war thar.
And thai yheit that held unſlayne
Preſſyt to the ſe agayne.
And *Scotts men* that chaſſyt ſua
Slew all that euir thai mycht ourta.
Bot thai that fled yheit not forthy
Swa to the ſchippys gan thai hy,
And in ſum barge ſua fele gan ga;
And thair fayis haſtyt thaim ſwa,
That thai ourtumblyt; and the men
That war thar war drownyt then.

Thar did an *Inglis man* perfay
A wele gret ſtrenth, as Ik hard ſay;
For quhen he chaſſyt wes till hys bat,
A *Scotts man*, that hym handlyt hat,
He hynt than be the armys twa,
And war hym wele, or war hym wa,
He ewyn apon hys bak hym flang;
And with hym to the bat gan gang,
And keſt hym in, all mawgre hys.
This wes a weile gret ſtrenth I wis.

The *Inglis men* that wan away
To thair ſchippys in hy went thai;
And ſaylyt hame angry and wa,
That thai had bene rebutyt ſwa.

Quhen that the ſchippys on this wyſs
War diſcomfyt, as I dewyſs,
The Byſchap that ſa weill hym bar,
That he all hartyt that thair war,
Wes yheit into fechting ſted,
Quhar that fyve hundre ner war ded,
Forowtyn thaim that drownyt war.
And quhen the feld wes ſpulyeit bar,
Thai went all hame till thair repar.
To the Byſchap is fallyn fayr
That throw hys price, and hys bounté,
Wes eſchewit ſwilk a journé.
The KING tharfor, ay fra that day,
Hym luffyt, and preſſyt, and honoryt ay;

And

And held hym in ſuylk daynté
That "hys awne Byſchop" hym callit he.

Thus thai defendyt the countré
Apon bath halffs the *Scotts ſe*,
Quhill that the KING wes out off land.
That than, as Ik haf borne on hand,
Throw all *Ireland* hys courſs had maid;
And agayn to *Cragfergus* raid.

And quhen hys brodyr, as he war King,
Had all the *Irſchery* at bidding,
And haly *Uiſtre* alſua,
He buſkyt hame hys way to ta.
Off hys men that war maſt hardy,
And preſyt maſt off chewalry,
With hys brodyr gret part left he;
And ſyne is went hym to the ſe.
Quhan thair levys on aythir party
Wes tane, he went to the ſchip in hy;
The Erle THOMAS with hym he had;
Thai raiſſyt ſaills, but abaid,
And in the land off *Galloway*,
Forowt perill, aryvyt thay.

END OF BUKE XVI.

THE
BRUCE.

BUKE XVII.

ARGUMENT.

Berwik wan be King ROBERT: *and* WALTER STEWARD *maid governour.—The King of Ingland gadders his power to ſege Berwik.—The ſege beginnis.—Ane Inglis ſchip brent.—*DOUGLAS *and* MURRAY *ravage Ingland.—*CRAB *the Fleming foils the Inglis ingynours at Berwik.—Aſſault of Berwik.—*EDWARD II. *raiſis the ſege and retiris.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XVII.

THE lords off the land war fayn,
Quhen thai wyſt he wes commyn agayn;
And till hym went in full gret hy,
And he reſawit thaim hamlyly;
And maid thaim feſt, and glaidſum cher.
And thai ſa wondrely blyth wer
Off hys come, that na man mycht ſay.
Gret feſt, and fayr, till hym maid thai.
Quhareuir he raid all the countré
Gadryt in daynté hym to ſe.

Gret glaidſchip than wes in the land;
All than wes wonyn till hys hand;
Fra the *Red Swer* to *Orknay*
Wes nocht off *Scotland* fra hys fay;
Owtakyn *Berwik*, it allane.
That tyme tharin wonyt ane,

Ver. 13. Editions have 'the Red Syre:' apparently ſome place in Galloway.

That

That capitane wes off the toun.
All *Scotts men* in ſuſpicioun
He had, and tretyt thaim rycht ill;
He had ay to thaim hewy will,
And held thaim faſt at undre ay.
Quhill that it fell apon a day,
That a burgeſs, SYME off SPALDING,
Thoucht that it wes rycht angry thing
Swa gate ay to rebutyt be.
Tharfor intill hys hart thocht he,
That he wald ferly mak cowine
With the Marchall, quhayis coſyne
He had weddyt till hys wiff;
And as he thoucht he did belyff.

Lettrys till hym he ſend in hy
With a traiſt man all priuely;
And ſet hym tym to hym a nycht,
With leddres, and with gud men wycht,
Till the *Kow yet* all priuely;
And bad hym hald hys traiſt trewly,
And he ſuld mete thaim at the wall,
For hys walk thar that nycht ſuld fall.

Quhen the Marſchell the lettre ſaw,
He unbethoucht hym than a thraw;
For he wyſt, be hym ſelwyn, he
Mycht not off mycht na power be
For to eſcheyff ſa gret a thing;
And giff he tuk till hys helping,

Ane othyr lettre ſuld writtyn be.
Tharfor rycht to the KING yeid he;
And ſchawyt it hym, betwix thaim twa,
The lettre and the charge alſua.
Quhen that the KING hard that this traine
Spokyne wes intill certayne,
That hym thoucht tharin na fantiſs;
He ſaid hym, " Certs thow wroucht as wiſs,
" That has diſcoweryt the fryſt to me;
" For giff thow had diſcoweryt the
" To my newo, the Erle THOMAS,
" Thow ſuld diſpleſs the Lord DOWGLAS;
" And hym alſua, in the contrer.
" Bot I ſall wyrk on ſic maner,
" That thow and thyne entent ſall be,
" And haff off nane off thaim mawgré.
" Thow ſall tak kep weill to the day;
" And with thaim that thow purches may,
" At ewyn thow ſall enbuſchyt be
" In *Duns park*, bot be priué.
" And I ſall ger the Erle THOMAS,
" And the Lord alſua off DOWGLAS,
" Aythir with a ſowme off men,
" Be thar to do as thow ſall ken."

The Marchell but mar delay
Tuk leve, and held furth on hys way;
And held hys ſpek priué and ſtill,
Quhill the day that wes ſet hym till.

Than

Than off the beſt off *Lothiane*
He hym till hys tryſt has tane;
For ſchyreiff tharof then wes he.
To *Duns park* than with hys menye
He came, at ewyn priuely.
And ſyne, with a gud cumpany,
Sone eftyr come the Erle THOMAS,
That wes met with the Lord DOWGLAS.
A rycht fayr cumpany thai war,
Quhen thai war met togyddyr thar.

And quhen the Marſchell the covyn
To bath the lords, lyne be lyne,
Had tauld, thai went furth on thair way,
Fer fra the toun thair horſs left thai.
To mak it ſchort ſwa wroucht thai then,
That, but ſeyng off ony men,
Owtane SYME off SPALDYNE allane,
That gert that deid be undretane,
Thai ſet thair leddres to the wall,
And, but perſawing, come up all;
And held thaim in a nuk priué,
Quhill that the nycht ſuld paſſit be.
And ordaynyt that the maiſt party
Off thair men ſuld gang ſarraly
With thair lords, and hald off ſtale.
And the remanand ſuld all hale
Skaill throw the town, and tak or ſla
All the men that thai mycht ourta.

Bot

Bot ſone this ordynance brak thai.
For alſone as it dawyt day,
The twa parts off thair men, and ma,
All ſkailyt throw the toun gan ga;
Sa gredy war thai to the gud,
That thai ran rycht as thai war woud,
And ſeſyt houſſs, and ſlew men.
And thai that ſaw thair fayis then
Cum apon thaim ſa ſedanly,
Throw the town thai raiſſyt the cry;
And ſchot togyddir her and ther:
And ay, as thai aſſemblyt wer,
Thai wald abid, and mak debate.
Had thai bene warnyt wele, I wate,
Thai ſuld haiff ſauld thair deds der;
For thai war gud men; and thai wer
Fer ma than thai war that thaim ſoucht.
Bot thai war ſcalyt that thai moucht
On na maner aſſemblit be;
Thar war gret mellyſs twa or three.
Bot *Scotts men* ſa weile thaim bar,
That thair fayis ay ruſchyt war;
And contraryt at the laſt war ſwa,
That thai haly the bak gan ta.
Sum gat the caſtell, bot not all;
And ſum ar ſlydyn our the wall,
And ſum war intill hands tane,
And ſum war intill bargane ſlane.

On this wyſs thaim contenyt thai,
Quhill it wes ner none off the day:
Than thai that in the caſtell war,
And othyrs that fled to thaim thar,
That war a rycht gret cumpany,
Quhen thai the baners ſaw ſimply
Standand, and ſtuffyt with a quhone,
Thair yatts haff thai opnyt ſone,
And iſchyt on thaim hardyly.
Than Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy,
And the gud Lord als off DOWGLAS,
With the few folk that with thaim was,
Met thaim ſtoutly with wapnys ſer;
Quhar men mycht ſe, that had bene ner,
Men abandoune hardely.
The *Inglis men* faucht cruelly;
And with all thair mychts gan thaim payn
To ruſche the *Scotts men* agayn.
I trow thai had ſua done perfay,
For thai war fewar fer than thai,
Giff it na had bene a new maid knycht,
That till hys name Schyr WILYAM hycht
Off KEYTH, and off GALLISTOUN
He hycht, throw difference off ſournome,
That bar hym ſwa rycht weill that day,
And put hym till ſua hard aſſay,
And ſic dynts about hym dang;
That, quhar he ſaw the thykkyſt thrang,

Ver. 135. Supplied by a few; accompanied by few men.

He

He preſſit with ſa mekill mycht,
And ſua enforſely gan fycht,
That he maid till hys mengue way;
And that ner war by hym ay
Dang on thair fayis ſua hardely,
That thai haff tane thair bak in hy,
And till the caſtell held the way.
And at gret myſcheiff entryt thai,
For thai war preſſyt thar ſa faſt,
That thai fele leſyt of the laſt.

Bot thai that entryt, not forthy
Sparyt thair yatts haſtely;
And in hy to the walls ran;
For thai war not all ſyker than.

The toun wes takyn on this wyſs
Throw gret worſchip, and hey pryſs;
And all the gud that thar fand
Wes ſeſyt ſmertly intill hand.
Wictaill thai fand in gret foyſioun;
And all that fell to ſtuff off toun,
That kepyt thaim fra deſtroying.
And ſyn has word ſend to the KING;
And he wes off that tything blyth,
And ſped hym thydderwart ſwyth;
And as he throw the countré raid
Men gadryt till hym, quhill he had

Ver. 171. 28th March 1318.

A mekill rout off mychty men.
And the folk that war wonand then
Intill the *Merſs* and *Tewidaill*,
And in the *foreſt* als all hale,
And the eſt end off *Lothiane*,
Befor that the KING come, ar gane
To *Berwik*, with ſtalwart hand,
That nane that wes that tyme wonand
On yond half *Tueid* durſt weill apper.
And thai that in the caſtell wer,
Quhen thai thair fayis in ſic plenté
Saw forouth thaim aſſemblyt be,
And had na hop off reſkewing,
Thai war abayſit in gret thing.

Bot thai the caſtell not forthy
Held thaim fyve dayis ſturdely;
Syne yauld it apon the ſext day;
And till thair countré ſyne went thai.

Thus wes the caſtell, and the toun,
Till *Scottſmenys* poſſeſſioun
Broucht: and ſone eftre the KING
Come rydand with hys gaddryng
To *Berwik*; and in the caſtell
He wes herbryt bath fayr and weill;
And all hys Lords hym by.
The remanand comonnaly
Till herbery till the toun ar gan.
The KING has than to conſaill tane

That

That he wald not brek doun the wall;
Bot caſtell, and the toun withall,
Stuff weill with men, and with wictaill,
And al kyn othyr apparaill
That mycht awaile, or ells myſtre
To hald caſtell, or toun off wer.
And WALTRE STEWART off *Scotland*,
That than wes young and awenand,
And ſyne in laucht wes to the KING,
Had ſa greit will and ſic yarning,
Ner hand the merches for to be,
That *Berwik* to yemſell tuk he.
And reſawit off the KING the toun,
And the caſtell, and the dungeoun.

The KING gert men off gret noblay
Ryd intill *Ingland* for to prey;
That broucht out gret plenté off ſe:
And ſum countries tholyt he,
For wictaill, that in gret foyſoun
He gert bring ſmertly to the toun:
Swa that bath caſtell and toun war
Weill ſtuffyt for a yer, and mar.

The gud STEWART off *Scotland* then
Send for hys freynds, and hys men,
Quhill he had with hym but archers,
And but burdowyis, and awblaſters,

Ver. 235, 236. *But* in theſe lines implies *over and above.*

Fyve hundre men, wycht and worthy,
That bar armys off awnceſtry.

Ihone Crab, a *Flemyng*, als had he,
That wes off ſa gret ſutelté
To ordane, and mak apparaill,
For to defend, and till aſſaill,
Caſtell off wer, or than cyté,
That nane ſleyar mycht fundyn be.
He gert engynys, and cranys, ma,
And purwayit gret ſyr alſua;
Spryngalds, and ſchot, on ſer maners
That to defend caſtells affers,
He purwayit intill full gret wane;
Bot gynnys for crakys had he nane,
For in *Scotland* yeit than but wene
The uſs off thaim had not bene ſene.

Quhen the toun apon this wyſs
Was ſtuffyt, as Ik her deuiſs,
The nobill King hys way has tane,
And ryddyn towart *Lowthiane*.
And Waltre Stewart, that wes ſtout,
He left at *Berwik* with hys rout;
And ordanyt faſt for apparaill
To defend giff men wald aſſaill.

Ver. 250. 'Gynnys for crakys,' are great guns or cannon.

Quhen

Quhen to the King off *Ingland*
Wes tauld how that, with ſtalwart hand,
Berwik wes tane, and ſtuffyt ſyne
With men, and wictaill off armyne,
He wes anoyit gretumly;
And gert aſſembill all halely
Hys cunſaill, and has tane to reid
That he hys oft will thyddyr leid;
And with all mycht that he mycht get
To the toune ane aſſege ſet;
And gert dyk thaim ſa ſtalwartly,
That quhill thaim likyt thar to ly,
Thai ſuld fer owt the traiſter be.
And giff the men off the countré
With ſtrenth off men wald thaim aſſaill,
At thair dyks into bataill,
Thai ſuld awantage haff gretly,
Thouch all *Scotts* for gret foly
War till aſſaill into fychting
At hys dyks ſa ſtark a thing.

Quhen thys counſaill on this maner
Wes tane, he gert bath fer and ner
Hys oft haly aſſemblyt be:
Ane gret folk than with hym had he.
Off LANG CASTELL the Erle THOMAS,
That ſyne was, as men ſayis,
In hys cumpany wes thar;
And all the Erllys that als war

In *Ingland*, worthy for to fycht,
And Baronys als off mekill mycht,
With hym to that aſſege had he.
And gert hys ſchippys by the ſe
Bring ſchot, and othyr aparaill,
And gret warnyſone off wictaill.

To *Berwik* with all hys menye,
With hys batailles arayit, come he;
And till gret Lords ilkane ſundry
Ordanyt a feld for thair herbery.
That men mycht ſone ſe pailyownys
Be ſtentyt, off ſyndry faſſownys,
That thai a toun all ſone maid thar,
Mar than bath toun and caſtell war.

On othyr half ſyne, on the ſe,
The ſchippys come in ſic plenté,
With wictaill, armyng, and with men,
That all the havyn wes ſtoppyt then.

And quhen thai that war in the toun
Saw thair fayis, in ſic foyſoun,
Be land and ſe, cum ſturdely;
Thai, as wycht men and rycht worthy,
Schup thaim to defend thair ſteid,
That thai in awentur of deid

Ver. 309. Auguſt, 1319.

Suld

Suld put thaim; or than ruſche agane
Thair fayis. For thair capitane
Tretyt thaim ſa luſtely;
And thairwithall the maiſt party
Off thaim, that armyt with hym wer,
War off hys blud, and fib hym ner:
Or ells thai war off hys elye.
Off ſic comfort men mycht thaim ſe,
And off ſa rycht fayr contenyng,
As nane off thaim had abayſing.

On dayis armyt weill war thai;
And on the nycht wele walkyt ay.
Weill ſex dayis ſua thai abaid,
That na full gret bargane haid.
Intill this tyme, that I tell her,
That thai withowtyn bargane wer,
The *Inglis men* ſa cloſſyt had
Thair oſt, with dyks that thai maid,
That thai war ſtrenthit gretumly.
Syne with all hands beſely
Thai ſchuip thaim, with thair apparaill,
Thaim off the toun for till aſſaill.
And off our Ladys ewyn Mary
That bar the byrth that all gan by,
That men calls hyr Natiuity,
Sone in the morning men mycht ſe

Ver. 319. 'Or elſe they were of his *ally*.' Edit.
Ver. 335. The 7th September, 1319.

The *Inglis* oft arm thaim in hy;
And diſplayit baners ſturdely;
And aſſembill to thair baners
With inſtruments off ſer maners.
As ſcaffalds, leddrs, and cowering,
Pykkys, howis, and with ſtaff ſlyng
To ilk Lord, and hys bataill,
Was ordanyt, quhar he ſuld aſſaill.

And thai within, quhen that thai ſaw
That mengye raung thaim ſa on raw,
Till thair wards thai went in hy,
That war ſtuffyt rycht ſtalwartly
With ſtanys, and ſchot, and othyr thing
That nedyt to thair defending;
And into ſic maner abaid
Thair fayis, that till aſſaill thaim maid.

Quhen thai withowt war all redy
Thai trumpyt till a ſalt in hy;
And ilk man with hys apparaill,
Quhar he ſuld be, went till aſſaill.
To ilk kyrnell that war thar
Archers to ſchot aſſignyt war.
And quhen on this wyſs thai war boun,
Thai went in hy towart the toun;
And fillyt dyks haſtely,
Syne to the wall rycht hardely
Thai went, with leddres that thai haid;
Bot thai ſa gret defend that maid,

That

That war abownye apon the wall,
That oft leddres, and men withall,
Thai gert fall flatlings to the ground.
That men mycht ſe in a litill ſtound
Men aſſailand hardely,
Dreſſing up leddres douchtely,
And ſum on leddres preſſand war;
Bot thai that on the wall war thar,
Till all perills gan abandoun
Thaim, till thair fayis war dungyn doun.

At gret myſcheiff defendyt thai
Thair toun, for giff we ſuth ſall ſay,
The walls off the toun than wer
Sa law, that a man with a ſper
Mycht ſtryk ane othyr apon the face.
And the ſchot alſua thyk thar was
That it war wondre for till ſe.
WALTRE STEWART with a menye
Raid ay about, for to ſe quhar
That for to help maſt myſtre war:
And, quhar men preſſyt maiſt, he maid
Succour to hys that myſtre haid.

The mekill folk, that wes without,
Had enweronyt the town about,
Swa that na part off it wes fre.
Thar mycht men the aſſailiars ſe
Abandoun thaim rycht hardely;
And the defendours douchtely,

With all thair mychts, gan thaim payn,
To put thair fayis with force agayn.

On this wyſs thaim contenyt thai,
Quhill none wes paſſit off the day;
Than thai that in the ſchippis wer
Ordanyt a ſchip, with full gret fer,
To cum with all hyr apparaill
Rycht to the wall, for till aſſaill.
Till myd maſt up thair bat thai drew,
With armyt men tharin enew;
A brig thai had for to lat fall,
Rycht fra the bat apon the wall.
With bargs by her gan thai row,
And preſſyt thaim rycht faſt to tow
Hyr by the brig-houſs to the wall:
On that entent thai ſet thaim all.
Thai broucht hyr quhill ſhe come weill ner:
Than mycht men ſe on ſic maner
Sum men defend, and ſum aſſaill,
Full beſyly with gret trawaill.
Within ſa ſtoutly thai thaim bar
That the ſchipmen ſa handlyt war,
That thai the ſchip on na maner
Mycht ger to cum the wall ſa ner,
That thar fall brig mycht neych thartill,
For oucht thai mycht, gud or ill:

Ver. 419. To *neych* is to approach, to get nigh.

Thay war ſo nyce quhen men thaim *nicht*.
Chriſt's Kirk.

Quhill

Quhill that ſche ebbyt on the grund.
Than mycht men in a litill ſtound
Se thaim lee fer of wer cowyne,
Than thai war er that war hyrin.
And quhen the ſe wes ebbyt ſua,
That men all dry mycht till hyr ga,
Owt off the toun iſchit in hy
Till hyr a weill gret cumpany,
And fyr till hyr has kyndlet ſone;
Into ſchort tyme ſwa haif thai done,
That thai in fyr hes gert her bryn.
And ſum war ſlayn that war hyr in,
And ſum fled, and away ar gane.
Ane engynour thar haiff thai tane,
That wes ſleaſt off that myſter,
That men wyſt ony fer or ner:
Intill the toun ſyne entryt thai.
It fell thaim hapily perfay,
That thai gat in ſa haſtely,
For thair come a gret cumpany,
Intill gret hy up be the ſe,
Quhen thai the ſchip ſaw brynand be,
Bot or thai come, the tothyr war paſt
The yat, and barryt it rycht faſt.

That folk aſſailyt faſt that day;
And thai within defend that ay
On ſic a wyſs, that thai that war
With gret enforce aſſailland thar,

Mycht do thair will on na maner.
And quhen that ewyn-ſang tym wes ner,
The folk without that war wery,
And ſum woundyt full cruelly,
Saw thaim within defend thaim ſwa;
And ſaw it wes not ſyth to ta
The toun, quhill ſic defens wes mad
By thaim that intill faring had.
The oft ſaw that thair ſchip was brynt,
And off thaim that tharin wes tynt;
And thair folk woundyt and wery,
Thai gert blaw the retret in hy.
Fra the ſchippmen rebutyt war,
Thai let the tothyr aſſaill na mar;
For throw the ſchip thai wend ilkane
That thai the toun weill ſuld haff tane.

Men ſayis that ma ſchippis than ſua
Preſſyt that tyme the toun to ta;
Bot for that thar wes brynt bot ane,
And the engynour tharin wes tane,
Her befor mentioun maid I
Bot of a ſchip all anerly.

Quhen that thai blawyn had thair retret,
Thair folk that tholyt had paynys gret,
Withdrew thaim haly fra the wall;
The aſſalt haff thai left all.
And thai within that wery war,
And mony off thaim woundyt war ſar,

War

War blyth and glaid, quhen that thai ſaw
Thair fayis on that wiſs thaim withdraw.
And fra thai wyſt ſuthly that thai
Held to thair pailyownys thair way,
Thai ſet gud wachys to thair wall;
Syne till thair innys went thai all,
And eſſyt thaim that wery war.
And othyrs that had wownds ſar
Had gud lechys forſuth, Ik hycht,
That helpyt thaim as thai beſt mycht.
On ayther ſid wery war thai;
That nycht thai did na mar perfay.
Fyve dayis eftyr thai war ſtill,
That nane till othyr did mekill ill.

Now leve we thir folk her lyand,
And ſtill, as Ik hawe born on hand;
And turn the courſs off our carping
To Schyr ROBERT, the douchty KING,
That aſſemblyt, bath fer and ner,
Ane oſt, quhen that he wiſt bot wer
That the King ſua off *Ingland*
Had aſſegyt with ſtalwart hand
Berwik, quhar WALTRE STEWART wes.
To purpos with hys men he taes
That he wald not ſwa ſone aſſaill
The King off *Ingland* with bataill;
And at hys dyks ſpecially;
For that moucht wele turne to foly.

Tharfor

Tharfor he ordanyt Lords twa,
The Erle off MURREFF wes ane off tha;
The tothyr wes the Lord off DOWGLAS;
With fyften thowſand men to paſs
In *Ingland*, for to bryn and ſla;
And ſwa gret ryote thar to ma,
That thai that lay ſegeand the toun;
Quhen thai hard the deſtructioun
That thai ſuld into *Ingland* ma,
Suld be ſua dredand and ſwa wa,
For thair childre, and for thair wyffs,
That thai ſuld drede to leſe the lyvis,
And thair guds alſua, that thai
Suld dred, than ſuld be had away;
Thai ſuld leve thair ſege in hy;
And wend to reſkew haſtily
Thair gud, thair frends, and thair land.
Tharfor, as Ik haff born on hand,
Thir Lords ſend he furth in hy.
And thai thar way tuk haſtily:
And in *Ingland* gert bryn, and ſla;
And wroucht tharin ſa mekill wa,
As thai forrayit the countré,
That it wes pité for to ſe
Till thaim that wald it ony gud.
For thai deſtroyit all as thai yhud.

Swa lang thai raid deſtroyand ſua,
As thai trawerſyt to and fra,

Ver. 509. September, 1319.

That

That thai ar cummyn to *Repoun*,
And deſtroyit haly that toun.
At *Borowbrig* ſyne thair herbery
Thai tuk, and at *Myton* tharby.

And quhen the men off that countré
Saw thair land ſua deſtroyit be,
Thai gadryt into full gret hy
Archers, burges, and yhumanry,
Preyſts, clerkys, monks, and frers,
Huſbands, and men off all maners,
Quhill that the ſamyn aſſemblit war
Weill twenty thowſand men, and mar.
Rycht gud armys inew thai had.
The Archebyſchop off YORK thai mad
Thair capitane; and to conſaill
Hes tane, that thai in plane bataill
Wald aſſaill the *Scottſmen*,
That fer fewar than thai war then.

Than he diſplayit hys baner;
And othyr Byſchappys, that thar wer,

Ver. 533, &c. *Repoun* is Rippon: *Borowbrig*, Burrowbridge: *Myton*, Mitton near Burrowbridge: all in Yorkſhire.

Ver. 542. *Huſbands* are huſbandmen or farmers; *villani*, men bound to a certain houſe and farm, and aſſignable at the will of their lords. Such exiſted in England even to the reign of Elizabeth.

Gert

Gert diſplay thair baners alſua.
All in a rout furth gan thai ga
Towart *Mytoun* the redy way.
And quhen the *Scottſmen* herd ſay
Thai war to thaim cummand ner,
Thai buſkyt thaim on thair beſt maner;
And delyt thaim in batailles twa.
DOWGLAS the awaward gan ma:
The rerward maid Erle THOMAS;
For chyftane off the oſt he was.
And ſwa ordanyt in gud aray,
Towart thair fayis thai held thair way.

Quhen ayther had on othyr ſycht,
Thai preſſyt on bath halff to the ſycht.
The *Inglis men* come rycht ſadly
With gud cuntenance, and hardy,
Rycht in a fruſche with thair baner,
Quhill thair fayis come ſa ner,
That thai thair wiſage mycht ſe.
Three ſper lenth, I trow weill, mycht be
Betwix thaim, quhen ſic abayſing
Tuk thaim that but mar in a ſwing
Thai gaff the bak all, and to ga.
Quhen *Scotts men* had ſene thaim ſwa
Effrayitly fle all thair way,
In gret hy apon thaim ſchot thai;
And ſlew and tuk a gret party.
The laiff fled full effrayitly,

As

As thai beſt moucht, to ſek warand.
Thai chaſſyt ſua ner at hand,
That ner a thowſand deyt thar.
Off thaim yhet thre hundred war
Preyſts, that deyt in that chaſs.
That for that bargane callyt was
The Chaptur off Mytoune; for thar
Slayn ſa mony preſts war.

Quhen thir folk thus diſcomfyt was;
And *Scotts men* had left the chaſs,
Thai went thaim forthwart in the land,
Slayand ſwa, and deſtroyand.

And thai that at the ſege lay,
Or it was paſſyt the fyft day,
Had maid thaim ſyndry apparall,
To gang eft ſonys till aſſaill.
Off gret geſts a ſow thai maid,
That ſtalwart heildyne aboyne it haid;
With armyt men inew tharin,
And inſtruments for to myne.
Syndry ſcaffalds thai maid withall,
That war wele heyar than the wall.
And ordanyt als that, be the ſe,
The toun ſuld weill aſſaillyt be.

Ver. 597. A *ſow* was a military engine reſembling the *teſtudo* of the Romans.

Thai within, that ſaw thaim ſwa
Swa gret apparraill ſchap to ma,
Throw CRABY's cunſaill, that wes ſley,
A crane thai haiff gert dreſs up hey,
Rynnand on quheills, that thai mycht bryng
It quhar that nede war off helping.
And pyk, and ter, als haiff thai tane;
And lynt, and herds, and brymſtane;
And dry treyis that wele wald brin;
And mellyt aythir othir in:
And gret fagalds tharoff thai maid,
Gyrdyt with irne bands braid.
The fagalds weill mycht meſuryt be
Till a gret towrys quantité.
The fagalds bryning in a ball,
With thair cran thoucht till awaill,
And giff the ſow come to the wall,
To lat it brynand on hyr fall;
And with ſtark chenyeis hald it thar,
Quhill all war brynt up that thar war.
Engynys alſua for to caſt
Thai ordanyt, and maid redy faſt,
And ſet ilk man ſyne till hys ward.
And Schyr WALTRE, the gud STEWARD,
With armyt men ſuld rid about,
And ſe quhar that thar was maiſt dout;
And ſuccour thar with hys menye.
And quhen thai in ſic degre

Had

Had maid thaim for defendyng,
On the Rud ewyn, in the dawing,
The *Inglis* oft blew till aſſaill.
Than mycht men, with ſer apparaill,
Se that gret oft cum ſturdely.
The toun enweround thai in hy;
And aſſaillyt with ſwa gret will,
For all thair mycht thai ſet thartill,
That thaim preſſyt faſt on the toun.
Bot thai that gan thaim abandoun
To dede, or than to wounds ſar,
Swa weill has thaim defendyt thar,
That leddres to the ground thai flang;
And with ſtanys ſa faſt thai dang
Thair fayis, that fele thar left lyand;
Sum dede, ſum hurt, and ſum ſwonand.

Bot thai that held on feyt in hy
Drew thaim away deliuerly;
And ſcounryt not for that thing,
Bot went ſtoutly till aſſailling.
And thai aboun defendyt ay,
And ſet thaim to ſic hard aſſay,
Quhill that fele off thaim woundyt war,
And thai ſa gret defens maid thar,
That thai ſtyntyt thair fayis mycht.
Apon ſic maner gan thai fycht,
Quhill it wes ner none off the day,
That thai without, on gret aray,

Ver. 634. Holy Croſs eve, 13 September 1319.

Preſſyt thair ſow towart the wall;
And thai within ſone gert call
The engynour, that takyn was,
And gret manance till hym mais,
And ſwour that he ſuld dey, bot he
Prowyt on the ſow ſic ſutelté,
That he to fruſchyt ilk dele.
And he, that hath perſawyt wele,
That the dede wes wele ner hym till,
Bot giff he mycht fulfil thair will,
Thoucht that he at hys mycht wald do.
Bendyt in gret hy then wes ſche,
That till the ſow wes ewyn ſet,
In hy he gert draw the cleket,
And ſmertly ſwappyt owt a ſtane.
Ewyn our the ſow the ſtane is gane,
And behind it a litill wey
It fell: and than thai cryt, "Hey!"
That war in hyr, "furth to the wall,
"For dredles it is ours all!"

The gynour than deleuerly
Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy;
And the ſtane ſmertly ſwappyt out.
It flaw owt quethyr, and with a rout,
And fell rycht ewyn befor the ſow.
Thair harts than begouth to grow.

Ver. 672. 'Sche' is the engine prepared by Crab againſt the Engliſh ſow.

Bot

Bot yhet than, with thair mychts all,
Thai preſſyt the ſow towart the wall;
And has hyr ſet tharto gentilly.
The gynour than gert bend in hy
The gyne, and wappyt owt the ſtane,
That ewyn towart the lyft is gane,
And with gret wycht ſyne duſchyt doun
Rycht be the wall, in a randoun;
And hyt the ſow in ſic maner,
That it that wes the maſt ſowar,
And ſtarkaſt for to ſtynt a ſtrak,
In ſundre with that duſche it brak.
The men than owt in full gret hy.
And on the wallis thai gan cry
That thair ſow wes feryt thar.
Ihon Crab, that had hys geer all yar,
In hys fagalds has ſet the fyr;
And our the wall ſyne gan thai wyr,
And brynt the ſow till brunds bar.
With all this, faſt aſſailyeand ar
The folk without, with feloun fycht;
And thai within with mekill mycht
Defendyt manlily thair ſteid,
Into gret awentur of deid.

The ſchipmen, with gret apparaill,
Come with thair ſchippys till aſſaill;
With topcaſtell warnyſt weill,
Off wycht men armyt into ſteill.

Thair bats up apon thair maſt
Drawyn weill hey, and feſtnyt faſt,
And preſſyt with that gret atour,
Towart the wall: bot the gynour
Hyt in the aſpyne with a ſtane,
And the men that tharin war gane
Sum ded, ſum doſnyt, cum doun wynland.
Fra thynce furth durſt nane tak on hand
With ſchippys to preyſs thaim to the wall.
Bot the lave war aſſailyand all
On ilka ſyd ſa egryly,
That certs it wes gret ferly,
That that folk ſic defens has maid,
With the gret myſcheiff that thai haid.

For thair wallis ſa law than wer,
That a man rycht wele with a ſper
Mycht ſtryk ane othyr up in the face,
As her befor ſaid to yow was.
And fele off thaim war woundyt ſar;
And the lave ſa faſt trawaillyt war,
That nane had tyme reſt for to ma,
Thair adwerſours aſſailyt ſua.

Thai war within ſa ſtraitly ſtad,
That thair wardane that with hym had
Ane hundre men in cumpany,
Armyt, that wycht war and hardy,
And raid about for to ſe quhar
That hys folk hardaſt preſſyt war,

To

To releve thaim that had myſter,
Come ſyndry tymys in placs ſer,
Quhar ſum off the defendours war,
All dede, and othyrs woundyt ſar.
Swa that he off hys cumpany
Behuffyt for to leve thair party:
Swa that be he a courſs had maid
About, off all the men he haid
Thar wes lewyt with hym bot ane,
That he ne had thaim left euirilkane
To releve, quhar he ſaw myſter.
And the folk, that aſſailland wer
At *Mary yat*, to hewyn haid
The barraiſs, and a fyr had maid
At the drawbryg, and brynt it doun;
And war thringand in gret foyſoun
Rycht to the yat a fyr to ma;
Than thai within gert ſmertly ga
Ane to the wardane, for to ſay
How thai war ſet in hard aſſay.

And quhen Schyr WALTRE STEWART herd
How men ſa ſtraitly thaim ferd,
He gert cum off the caſtell then
All that thar war off armyt men,
For thar that day aſſailyt nane;
And with that rout in hy is gane
To *Mary yate*; and to the wall
He ſend, and ſaw the myſcheiff all.

And unbethoucht hym ſuddanly
Bot giff gret help war ſet in hy,
Tharto thai ſuld bryn up the yat,
That fra the wall thai ſuld not let.

Tharfor apon gret hardyment
He ſedanly ſet hys intent,
And gert all wyd ſet up the yat,
And the fyr that he fand tharat
With ſtrenth off men he put away.
He ſet hym to full hard aſſay;
For thai that war aſſailyeand thar,
Preſſyt on hym with wapnys bar,
And he defendyt with hys mycht.
Thar mycht men ſe a feloun fycht
Off ſtabing, ſtoking, and ſtriking.
Thai maid ſturdy defendyng:
For with gret ſtrenth off men the yat
Thai defendyt, and ſtud tharat,
Mawgre thair fayis; quhill the nycht
Gert thaim on bath halff leve the fycht.

Thai off the oſt, quhen nycht gan fall,
Fra the aſſalt withdrew thaim all,
Woundyt, and wery, and forbeſt,
With mad cher the aſſalt thai left:
And till thair innys went in hy,
And ſet thair wachis haſtely.
The lave thaim eſyt, as thai mycht beſt,
For thai had gret myſter off reſt.

That

That nycht thai ſpak commonaly
Off thaim within, and had ferly
That thai ſua ſtout defens had maid,
Agayne the gret aſſalt thai haid.
And thai within on othyr party
Quhen thai thair fayis ſua haſtely
Saw withdraw thaim, thai war all blyth,
And has ordanyt thair wachis ſwyth;
And ſyne ar till thair innys gane.
Thar wes but full few off thaim ſlane:
But fele war woundyt uttrely.
The lave our meſur wer wery.
It was an hard aſſawlt perfay;
And certs I herd neuir ſay
Quhar quhen mar defence had maid
That ſwa rycht hard aſſailying had.
And off a thing, that thar befell,
I haff ferly that I ſall tell,
That is that, intill all that day,
Quhen all thair maſt aſſailyeit thai,
And the ſchot thikkaſt wes withall,
Women with child, and childre ſmall,
In armfulls gadryt up, and bar
Till thaim that on the walls war,
Arowys and ſtanys, nane ſlayne war
Na yheit woundyt, and that wes mar
The myrakill off God Almychty:
And to noucht ellys it ſet can I.

That

On aythir ſyd that nycht thai war
All ſtill: and on the morn but mar
Thar come tithings out of *Ingland*,
To thaim off the oſt that bar on hand,
How that by *Borowbrig* at *Mytoun*
Thair men war ſlayn, and dongyn doun;
And al the *Scottſmen* throw the land
Raid yheit brynand, and deſtroyand.

And quhen the King had hard this tale,
Hys cunſaill he aſſemblyt haile,
To ſe quheyr fayr war hym till
To ly about the toun all ſtill,
And aſſalye quhill it wonnyn war;
Or than in *Ingland* for to far,
And reſkew hys land, and hys men.
Hys counſaill faſt diſcordyt then.
For ſotheroun men wald that he mad
Areſt thar, quhill he wonnyn had
The toun, and the caſtell alſua.
Bot northyn men wald na thing ſwa,
That dred thair frends for to tyn,
And maſt part off thair guds ſyne,
Throw *Scotts menys* cruelté;
Thai wald he lete the ſege be,
And raid for till reſkew hys land.
Off LONGCASTELL, I tak on hand,
The Erle THOMAS was ane off tha
That counſaillit the King hame to ga.

And

And for that mar inclynyt he
To the folk off the ſouth countré,
Than to the northyn mennys will,
He tuk it to ſa mekill ill,
That he gert turſs hys ger in hy:
And with hys bataill halyly,
That off the oſt ner thred part wes,
Till *Ingland* hame hys way he taes.
But leve he hame has tane hys gat:
Tharfor fell eftre ſic debat
Betwix hym and the King, that ay
Laſtyt quhill ANDROW HARDCLAY
That throw the King wes on hym ſet,
Tuk hym rycht in *Pomfret*;
And on ane hill beſid the toun,
Strak off hys hede but ranſoun.
Tharfor ſyne hyngyt and drawyn wes he;
And with hym a weill gret menye.
Men ſaid ſyne eftre this THOMAS
That on this wyſs maid martyr was,
Was ſayint, and myrakells did,
Bot enwy ſyne gert thaim be hid.
Bot quheyr he haly was or nane,
At *Pomfret* thus wes he ſlane.

And ſyne the King off *Ingland*,
Quhen that he ſaw hym tak on hand
To paſs hys way ſa opynly,
Hym thoucht it wes perill to ly

Thar

Thar with the lave off hys menye.
Hys harnayſs tharfor turſyt he,
And till *Ingland* hame gan he far.
The *Scotts men*, that deſtroyand war,
In *Ingland*, ſone hard tell tithing
Off this gret ſege departing;
Tharfor thai tuk weſtwart the way,
And to *Carlele* hame went ar thai,
With prayis, and with priſoners,
And othyr guds on ſer maners.

The Lords to the KING ar gane;
And the lave has thair wayis tane,
Ilk man till hys repair agayne.
The KING I wyſs wes wondre fayne
That thai war cummyn hale and fer;
And that thai ſped on ſic maner,
That thai thair fayis diſcomfyt hade,
And, but tynſaill off men, hes made
Reſcourſs to thaim, that in *Berwik*
War aſſegyt rycht till thair dik.

And quhen the KING had ſperyt tithand
How thai had farne in *Ingland*;
And thai had tauld hym all hale the far,
The *Ingliſs men* diſcumfyt war;
Rycht blyth intill hys hart was he:
And maid thaim feſt with gamyn and gle.

Berwik

Berwik wes on this maner
Reſkewyt, and thai that tharin wer,
Throw manheid, and throw ſutelté.
He worthy wes a prynce to be,
That couth with wit ſa hey a thing,
But gret tynſaill, bring till ending.
Till *Berwik* ſyne the way he tayſs;
And quhen he hard thar how it wayſs
Defendyt rycht ſwa apertly,
He lowyt thaim that war thar gretly.
WALTRE STEWART hys gret bounté
Out our the laiff commendyt he,
For the rycht gret defens he maid
At the yat, quhar men brynt had
The brig, as ye herd me dewyſs.
And certs he wes wele to pryſs,
That ſa ſtoutly with plane fychting
At opyn yate maid defending.
Mycht he haiff levyt quhill he had bene
Off perfyt eld, withowtyn wene,
Hys renoune ſuld haff ſtrekyt fer.
Bot dede that walks ay to mer
With all hyr mycht, and forthy
Had at hys worſchip ſic enwy,
That in the flour off hys youtheid
Sa endyt all hys douchty deid;
As I ſall tell yow forthar mar.
Quhen the KING had a quhill bene thar

Ver. 930. Death that aſpires to ſtrike high objects.

He

He ſend for meſonys fer and ner,
That ſleaſt war off that myſte,
And gert weill ten fute hey the wall
About *Berwiks* toun our all.
And ſyne towart *Lothiane*,
With hys mengye, hys gat is gane.
And ſyne he gert ordane in hy
Bath armyt men, and yhumanry,
Intill *Irland* in hy to fer,
To help hys brodyr that wes ther.

THE END OF BUKE XVII.

THE

THE
BRUCE.

BUKE XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

Erl EDWARD *defetit, and ſlayn, in Irland.*—EDWARD II. *invades Scotland, and takis a lame bull neir Tranent.*—DOUGLAS *harraſſis his retreit.*—*King* ROBERT *perſuis the Inglis King.*—*The Inglis diſcomfit at Bylands path.*—*The French knichts diſmiſt withouten ranſoun.*—*The Scotis return with gret prey.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XVIII.

BOT he, that reſt anoyit ay,
And wald in trawaill be alway,
A day forouth thair arywing
That war ſend till hym fra the KING,
He tuk hys way ſouthwart to far;
Mawgre thaim all that with hym war.
For he had not than in that land
Off all men, I trow, twa thouſand,
Owtane the Kings off *Irchery*,
That in gret routs raid hym by.

Towart *Dundalk* he tuk the way.
And quhen RICHARD of CLAR herd ſay
That he come with ſa few menye,
All that he mycht aſſemblyt he

Ver. 1. Edward Bruce king of Ireland.

The poet has been led on by the capture and ſiege of Berwick beyond the epoch of Edward Bruce's death, which happened on the 5th of October, 1318.

Off all *Irland* off armit men.
Sua at he had thar with hym then
Off traupit horſe tuenty thuſand;
By tham that war on fute gangand.
And hald furth northward on hys way.
And quhan Schyr EDWARD hard thaim ſay
That cummin ner till him wes he,
He ſent dyſcourrors hym to ſe:
The SOWLS, and the STEWARD war thai,
And als Schir PHILIP DE MOWBRAY.
And quhan thai ſen had thair cuming,
Thai went agan to tell tything:
And ſaid thai war weil mony men.
In hy Schir EDUUARD anſwerit than,
And ſaid at he ſuld fecht that day,
Thocht fyve or ſax tymes mar war thai.

Schyr IHON STEWARD ſaid ſykerly,
" I rede ye fecht not in ſik hy.
" Men ſayis my brodyr is cummand
" With fyften thouſand men ner hand,
" And war thai knyt with yow ye mycht
" The trayſtlyer abid to fycht."
Schyr EDUUARD lukyt all angrely;
And till the SOULLS ſaid in hy,
' Quhat ſayis yow?' " Schyr," he ſaid, " perfay
" As my falow has ſaid I ſay."
And to Schyr PHILIP DE MOWBRAY ſaid he.
" Schyr," ſaid he, " ſa our Lord me ſe!

Ver. 41. He ſpoke to Moubray; he aſked his opinion.

" Me

" Me think na foly for to bid
" Your men, that ſpeds thaim to rid.
" For we ar few, our fayis ar fele.
" God may rycht wele our werds dele;
" Bot it war wondre that our mycht
" Suld ourcum ſa fele in fycht."

Than, with gret ire, ' Allace,' ſaid he,
' I wend neuir till her that of the!
' Now help quha will: for ſekyrly
' This day, but mar baid, fecht will I.
' Sall na man ſay, quhill I may drey,
' That ſtrenth off men ſall ger me fley.
' God ſcheld that ony ſuld us blame
' Giff we defend our nobill name.'

" Now be it ſwa gat than," quoth thai,
" We ſall tak that God will purway."

And quhen the Kings off *Irſchery*
Herd ſay, and wyſt ſekyrly,
That thair King with ſa quhone wald fycht
Agane folk off ſa mekill mycht;
Thai come till hym in full gret hy,
And cunſaillyt hym full tendrely
For till abid hys men: and thai
Suld hald thair fayis all that day
Doand; and on the morne alſua,
With thair rounnyngs that thai ſuld ma.

Bot thar mycht na counſaill awaile.
He wald all gat haff bataile.
And quhen thai ſaw he wes ſa thra
To fycht, thai ſaid, " Ye ma well ga
" To fycht with yone gret cumpany.
" Bot we at quyt us uttrely
" That nane off us will ſtand to fycht.
" Aſſur not tharfor in our mycht.
" For our maner is off this land
" To folow and fycht, and fycht fleand;
" And not to ſtand in plane mellé
" Quhill the ta part diſcomfyt be."
He ſaid, ' Sen that your cuſtum is,
' Ik aſk at yow na mar bot this,
' That is, that ye and your menye
' Wald all togyddir arayit be;
' And ſtand on fer, but departing,
' And ſe our fycht, and the ending.'

Thai ſaid weill that thai ſuld do ſwa.
And ſyne towart thair men gan thai ga,
That war wele twenty thowſand ner.
EDUUARD, with thaim that with hym wer,
That war not fully twa thowſand,
Arayit thaim ſtalwartly to ſtand
Agayne fourty thowſand, and ma.
Schyr EDUUARD that day wald not ta
Hys cot armour: bot GIB HARPER,
That men held als withowtyn per
Off

Off hys eſtate, had on that day
All hale Schyr EDUUARDS aray.

The fycht abad thai on this wyſs.
And in gret hy thair enymyſs
Come, till aſſembill all redy.
And thai met thaim rycht hardely.
Bot thai ſa few war, ſouth to ſay,
That ruſchyt with thair fayis war thai.
And thai that preſſyt maiſt to ſtand
War ſlayne doun; and the remanand
Fled till the *Irſche* to ſuccour.
Schyr EDUUARD, that had ſic walour,
Wes dede; and IHONE STEWART alſua;
And IHONE the SOWLLS als with tha;
And othyrs als off thair cumpany.
Thai war wencuſſyt ſa ſuddanly,
That few intill the place war ſlane;
For the lave thair wayis haff tane
Till the *Irſche* Kings, that war thar,
And in hale bataill howand war.

JOHN THOMASSONE, that wes leder
Off thaim off *Carrik* that thar wer,
Quhen he ſaw the diſcomfiting,
Withdrew hym till ane *Irſch* King
That off hys aqwentance had he.
And he reſawit hym in leawté.

Ver. 116. That hovered, or ſtood aloof, in complete array.

And quhen IHONE cummyn wes to that King,
He ſaw be led fra the fechting
Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY, the wycht,
That had bene doſnyt into the fycht.
And with armys led wes he
With twa men, apon a cauſé,
That wes betwix thaim and the toun,
And ſtrekyt lang in a randoun.
Towart the toun thai held thair way:
And quhen in myd cauſé wer thai,
Schyr PHILIP off hys deſynes
Ourcome; and perſawit he wes
Tane, and ſwa gat led with twa:
The tane he ſwappyt ſone hym fra;
And ſyne the tothyr in gret hy;
And drew the ſuerd deleuerly.
Intill the fycht hys wayis he tays
Enland the cauſé, that than wais
Fillyt intill gret foyſoun
Off men, that than went till the toun.
And he, that met thaim, agayn gan ma
Sic payment, quhar he gan ga,
That weile a hundre men gert he
Leve, mawgre thairs, the cauſé:
As IHONE THOMASSONE ſaid ſuthly,
That ſaw hys deid all halely.
Towart the bataill ewyn he yeid.
JOHN THOMASSONE, that tuk gud heid
That thai war wencuſſyt all planly,
Cryit on hym in full gret hy;

And

And ſaid, " Cum her, for thar is nane
" On lyve, for thai ar dede ilk ane."

Than ſtud he ſtill a quhill, and ſaw
That thai war all downe of daw;
Syne went towart hym ſarraly.
This IHONE wroucht ſyne ſa wittily
That all that thyddyr fled than wer,
Thouch that thai loſſyt off thair ger,
Come to *Cragfergus*, hale and fer.
And thai that at the fychting wer
Soucht Schyr EDUUARD, to get hys heid,
Amang the folk that thar wes deid;
And fand GIB HARPER in hys ger:
And for ſwa gud hys armys wer,
Thai ſtrak hys heid off; and ſyne it
Thai haff gert ſalt into a kitt;
And ſend it intill *Ingland*,
Till the King EDUUARD in preſand.
Thai wend Schyr EDUUARDS it had bene.
Bot for the armyng, that wes ſchene,
Thai off the heid diſſawyt wer;
All thouch Schyr EDUUARD deyt thar.

On this wyſs war thaiſe nobill men
For willfulnes all leſyt then.
And that wes ſyne, and gret pité.
For had thair owtrageouſs bounté
Bene led with wyt, and with meſur,
Bot giff the mar myſawentur

Bene fallyn thaim, it ſuld rycht hard thing
Be to lede thaim till owtrying.
Bot gret outrageouſs ſurquedry
Gert thaim all her thair worſchip by.

And thai, that fled from the mellé,
Sped thaim in hy towart the ſe,
And to *Cragfergus* cummyn ar thai.
And thai that war into the way
To Schyr EDUUARD, ſend fra the KING,
Quhen thai hard the diſcumfyting,
To *Cragfergus* thai went agayne.
And that wes not forowtyn payn.
For thai war mony tyme that day
Aſſailyeit with *Irſchery:* bot thai
Ay held togyddir ſarraly;
And defendyt ſa wittily,
That thai eſchapyt oft throw mycht;
And mony time alſua throw ſlycht.
For oft off thairs to thaim gaff thai,
To lat thaim ſkaithles paſs thair way.

And till *Cragfergus* come thai ſwa.
Thair batts and ſchyppys gan thai ta,
And ſaylit till *Scotland* in hy,
And thar aryvyt all ſaufly.
Quhen thai off *Scotland* had wittring
Off Schyr EDUUARDS wencuſſing,

Ver. 199. They gave them part of their money or goods.

Thai

Thai menyt thaim full tendrely
Our all the land commonaly;
And thai that with hym ſlayn war thar
Full tendrely als menyt war.

EDUUARD the BRUYSS, as I ſaid her,
Wes diſcomfyt on this maner.
And quhen the feld wes clengyt clene,
Swa that ne reſiſtans wes ſene,
The wardane then, Schyr RICHARD off CLAR,
And all the folk that with hym war,
Towart *Dundalk* has tane the way.
Swa that rycht na debat maid thai
At that tyme with the *Irſchery*;
Bot to the town thai held in hy.
And ſyne had ſent furth to the King,
That had *Ingland* in gouerning,
GIB HARPERS heid into a kyt.
IHONE MAUPAS till the King had it.
And he reſawit it in daynté:
Rycht blyth off that preſent wes he.
For he was glaid that he was ſwa
Delewyryt off a felloun fa.

In hart tharoff he tuk ſic prid,
That he tuk purpos for to rid
With a gret oſt in *Scotland*;
For to weng hym, with ſtalwart hand,

Ver. 229. The poet's chronology again errs. This expedition of Edward II. into Scotland was in 1322.

Off

Off tray, of trawaill, and off tene,
That done tharin till hym had bene.

And a rycht gret oſt gadryt he.
And gert hys ſchippys be the ſe
Cum, with gret foyſoun off wictaill.
For at that tyme he wald hym taile
To dyſtroy up ſa clene the land,
That nane ſuld leve tharin lewand.
And with hys folk, in gret aray,
Towart *Scotland* he tuk the way.

And quhen King ROBERT wyſt that he
Come on hym with ſic a mengye,
He gadryt hys men, bath fer and ner,
Quhill ſa fele till hym cummyn wer;
And war als for to cum hym to;
That hym thoucht he rycht wele ſuld do.

He gert withdraw all the catell
Off *Lothiane*, euiriik deill,
And till ſtrenthis gert thaim be ſend;
And ordanyt men thaim to defend.
And with hys oſt als ſtill he lay
At *Culroſs*; for he wald aſſay
To ger hys fayis, throw faſting
Be febleſt, and throw lang walking.
And fra he feblis had thar mycht
Aſſembill than with thaim to fycht.

He

He thoucht to wyrk apon this wyſs.
And *Ingliſmen*, with gret maiſtryſs,
Come with thair oſt in *Lothiane*;
And ſone till *Edinburgh* ar gane.
And thar abaid thai dayis thre.
Thair ſchyppys that war on the ſe
Had the wynd contrar to thaim ay,
Swa that apon na maner thai
Had power to the *fyrth* to bring
Thair wictaill, to releve the King.
And thai off the oſt, that faillyt met,
Quhen thai ſaw that thai mycht not get
Thair wictaill till thaim, be the ſe,
Thai ſend furth rycht a gret menye
For to forray all *Lothiane*.
Bot catell haiff thai fundyn nane,
Owtakane a bull, that wes haltand,
That in *Tranents Corne* thai fand.
That broucht thai till thair oſt agayne.
And quhen the Erle of WARAYNE
Saw that bull alenarly cum ſwa,
He aſkyt giff thai gat na ma?
And thai haff ſaid all till hym nay.
Than ſaid he, 'Certs I dar ſay
'This is the derreſt beſt that I
'Saw euir yhet; for ſykyrly
'It coſt a thowſand pound and mar.'
And quhen the King, and thai that war

Off

Off hys cunſaill, ſaw thai mycht get
Na cataill till thair oſt till ete,
That than of faſtyng had gret payne,
Till *Ingland* turnyt thai agayne.

At *Melroſs* ſchuip thai for to ly;
And ſend befor a cumpany,
Thre hundre ner off armyt men.
Bot the Lord DOWGLAS, that wes then
Beſid intill the *foreſt* ner,
Wyſt off thair come; and quhat thai war.
And with thaim off hys cumpany
Into *Melroſs* all priuely
He howyt in a buſchement.
And a rycht ſturdy frer he ſent
Without the yate, thair com to ſe,
And bad hym hald hym all priuy,
Quhill that he ſaw thaim cummand all
Rycht to the coynye thar of the wall;
And than cry hey, "DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!"
The frer than furth hys wayis tais,
That wes all ſtout, derff, and hardy.
Hys mekill hud helyt haly
The armur that he on hym had.
Apon a ſtalwart horſs he rad:
And in hys hand he had a ſper.
And abaid apon that maner
Quhill that he ſaw thaim cumand ner.
And quhen the formeſt paſſyt wer

The

The coynye, he cryt, "DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!"
Than till thaim all a courſs he maiſs;
And bar ane doun deleuerly.
And DOWGLAS, and hys cumpany,
Iſchit apon thaim with a ſchout.
And quhen thai ſaw ſa gret a rout
Cum apon thaim ſa ſuddanly,
Thai war abayſit gretumly.
And tuk the bak bot mar abaid.
The *Scotts men* amang thaim raid;
And ſlew all that thai mycht ourta:
A gret martyrdome thar gan thai ma.
And thai that eſchapyt inſlayne
Ar till thair gret oſt went agayne;
And tauld thaim quhat kyn welcoming
DOWGLAS thaim maid at thair meting;
That conwoyt thaim agayn rudly,
And warnyt planly harbery.

The King off *Ingland*, and hys men,
That ſaw thair herbriours then
Cum rebutyt on that maner,
Anoyit in thair hart thai wer.
And thoucht that it war gret foly
Intill the wod to tak herbery.

Tharfor by *Dryburgh*, in the playn,
Thai herberyt thaim: and ſyne agayn
Ar

Ver. 339. This plain is a level on the river, called in that part

Ar went till *Ingland* thair way.
And quhen the King ROBERT hard ſay
That thai war turnyt hame agayn;
And how thair herbriours war ſlayn;
In hy hys oſt aſſemblit he,
And went ſouth our the *Scotts Se*;
And till *Ingland* hys way taiſs.
Quhen hys oſt aſſemblit wayſs
Auchty thowſand he wes, and ma.
And aucht battaills he maid off tha:
In ilk bataill war ten thowſand.
Syne went he furth till *Ingland*;
And intill hale rowt folowit ſa faſt
The *Inglis* King, quhill at the laſt
He come approchand to *Biland*,
Quhar at that tyme thar wes liand
The King off *Ingland*, with hys men.
King ROBERT, that had wittering then
That he lay thar with mekill mycht,
Tranountyt ſwa on hym a nycht,

part of Scotland a *haugh*, adjoining to the monaſtery, and extending to about an hundred acres. The army of Edward II. burned and deſtroyed a great part of the monaſtery; and the marks of this devaſtation are yet to be traced there, that part of the building having never been renewed. Dryburgh Abbey was founded Anno 1150 by Hugo de Morville and Beatrix de Beauchamp his wife; and endowed by King David I. ſometime afterwards. It is now the reſidence of the Earl of Buchan.

Ver. 355. The abbey of Biland, near Malton in Yorkſhire.

That

That be the morn that it wes day,
Cummyn in a plane feld wer thai,
Fra *Biland* bot a litill ſpace.
Bot betwix thaim and it thar waſs
A craggy bra, ſtrekyt weill lang,
And a gret peth up for to gang.
Othyr wayis mycht thai nocht away
To paſs to *Bylands Abbay*,
But giff thai paſſyt fer about.
But quhan the mekill *Inglis* rout
Hard that King ROBERT wes ſa ner,
The maiſt part off thaim that thar wer
Went to the peth, and tuk the bra.
Thai thoucht thar defens to ma.

The baners thar thai gert diſplay;
And thair batailles on braid aray:
And thoucht weill to defend the paſs.
Quhen the King ROBERT perſawyt was
That thar thoucht thai thaim to defend,
Eftyr hys counſaill hes he ſend,
And aſkyt quhat was beſt to do.
The Lord DOWGLAS anſweryt tharto,
And ſaid, " Schyr, I will undreta
" That in ſchort tyme I ſall do ſa,
" That I ſall wyn yon paſs planly;
" Or than ger all yon cumpany
" Cum doun to yow her to this plane."
The KING ſaid than till hym agayn,

'Do than quhar mychty God ye ſpeid!'
Than he furth on hys wayis yheid:
And off the oſt the maſt hardy
Put thaim intill hys cumpany;
And held thair way towart the paſs.
The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,
Left hys batailles, and in gret hy
Bot with four men off hys cumpany,
Come till the Lords rout off DOWGLAS;
And or he entryt in the paſs
Befor thaim all the paſs tuk he;
For he wald that men ſuld hym ſe.

And quhen Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS
Saw that he ſwa gat cummyn was,
He pryſyt hym tharoff gretly,
And welcumyt hym hamelely:
And ſyne the paſs thai ſamyn ta.
Quhen *Inglis men* ſaw thaim do ſwa,
Thai lychtyt, and agayn thaim yheid.
Twa knychts rycht douchty off deid;
THOMAS ENCHTRE ane had to name,
The tothyr Schyr RAUFF off COBHAME;
Come doun befor all thair mengye:
Thai war bath full of gret bounté;
And met thair fayis manlely.
Bot thai war preſſyt rycht gretumly.

Ver. 409. 'Thomas of Struthers.' Edit.

Thar

Thar mycht men ſe rycht weill aſſaill,
And men defend with ſtout bataill;
And harnys flew in gret foyſoun.
And thai, that our war, tumblyt doun
Stanys apon thaim fra the hycht.
Bot thai, that ſet bath will and mycht
To wyn the peth, thaim preſſyt ſwa,
That Schyr RAUFF off COBHAME gan ta
The way up till hys horſs in hy;
And left Schyr THOMAS manlily
Defendand with gret mycht the paſs,
Quhill that he ſwa ſuppreſſyt was
That he wes tane throw hard fechting.
And tharfor ſyne in hys ending
He wes renounyt for beſt off hand
Off a knycht off all *Ingland*.
For this ilk Schyr RAUFF off COBHAME
Intill all *Ingland* he had name,
For the beſt knycht off all that land.
And for Schyr THOMAS duelt fechtand
Quhar Schyr RAUFF, as befor ſaid I,
Withdrew hym; pryſſyt our hym wes haly.

Thus war thai fechtand in the paſs.
And quhen the King ROBERT, that was
Wiſs in hys deid and anerly,
Saw hys men ſa rycht douchtely
The peth apon thair fayis ta;
And ſaw hys fayis defend thaim ſa;

Than gert he all the *Irſchery*
That war intill hys cumpany,
Off *Arghile*, and the *Ilis* alſua,
Speid thaim in gret hy to the bra,
And bad thaim leif the peth haly,
And clymb up in the craggs hy;
And ſpeid thaim faſt the hycht to ta.
Than mycht men ſe thaim ſtoutly ga,
And clymb all gat up to the hycht;
And leve not for thair fayis mycht.
Mawgre thair fayis thai bar thaim ſwa,
That thai ar gottyn aboun the bra.
Than mycht men ſe thaim fycht felly;
And ruſche thair fayis ſturdely.
And thai that till the paſs war gane,
Mawgre thair fayis, the hycht has tane.
Than laid thai on with all thair mycht:
Thar mycht men ſe tham felly fycht.

Thar wes a parlouſs bargane:
For a knycht, Schyr IHONE the BRETANE,
That lychtyt wes aboun the bra,
And hys men, gret defens gan ma.
And *Scotts men*, ſua gan aſſaile,
And gave thaim ſa feloun bataill,

Ver. 443. The highlanders, undoubtedly of Iriſh origin, are called Iriſh by Barbour, as their tongue is ſtill called Erſe or Iriſh.

That

That thai war ſet in ſic affray,
That thai that mycht fley fled away.

Schyr IHONE the BRETANE thar wes tane;
And rycht fele off hys folk wes ſlane.
Off *Fraunce* thar tane wes knychts twa;
The Lord the IULE wes ane off tha;
The tothyr wes the Merſchell BRETAYN,
That wes a weill gret lord at hame.
The lave, ſum ded war, and ſum tane:
And the remanand fled ilkane.

And quhen the King off *Ingland*,
That yeyt at *Biland* wes liand,
Saw hys men diſcumfyt planely;
He tuk hys way in full gret hy.
And furthwart fled with all hys mycht.
The *Scotts men* chaſſyt faſt, Ik hycht;
And in the chaſs has mony tane.
The King quicly away is gane;
And the maſt part off hys mengye.
STEWART WALTRE, that gret bounté
Set ay on hey chewalry,
With fyve hundre in cumpany,
Till *Yorks* yatts the chas gan ma:
And thar ſum off thair men gan ſla.
And abade thar quhill ner the nycht,
To ſe giff ony wald iſche to fycht.
And quhen he ſaw nane wald cum out,
He turnyt agayn with all hys rout;

And till hys oft he went in hy,
That tane had than thair herbery
Intill the abbay off *Billand*
And *Refnows* that wes by ner hand.

Thai delt amang thaim that war thar
And gaif the King off *Inglands* ger,
That he had levyt in *Biland*,
All gert thai lep outour thair hand,
And maid thaim all glaid and mery.
And quhen the KING had tane herbery,
Thai broucht till hym the priſoners,
All unarmyt as it affers.
And quhen he ſaw IHONE off BRETANGNE
He had at hym rycht gret engaigne;
For he wes wont to ſpek hychly
At hame, and our diſpitouſly;
And bad have hym away in hy,
And luk he kepyt war ſtraitly.
And ſaid, " War it not that he war
" Sic a catyve, he ſuld by ſar
" Hys wordys that war ſwa angry."
And he humbly cryt hym mercy.
Thai led hym furth forowtyn mar;
And kepyt hym weill quhill thai war
Cummyn hame till thair awne countré.
Lang eſtyr ſyne ranſounyt wes he

Ver. 498. Editions read:

And rewes that were near by lyand.

That is, the ſtreets near.

For

For twenty thowſand pund to pay,
As Ik haiff hard ſyndry men ſay.

Quhen that the KING this ſpek had maid,
The *Frankys* knychts men takyn haid
War broucht rycht thar before the KING;
And he maid thaim fayr welcummyng.
And ſaid, "I wate rycht weill that ye,
"For your gret worſchip and bounté,
"Come for to ſe the fechtand her.
"For ſen ye in the countré wer
"Your ſtrenth, your worſchip, and your mycht,
"Wald not lat yow eſchew the fycht.
"And ſen that cauſs yow led thartill;
"And nothyr wreyth, na iwill will;
"As frends ye ſall reſawyt be,
"Quhar all tyme welcum her be ye."
Thai knelyt, and thankyt hym gretly.
And he gart tret thaim curtaſly.
And lang quhill with hym thaim had he;
And did thaim honour and bounté.
And quhen thai yarnyt to thair land,
To the King off *Fraunce* in preſand
He ſend thaim quit, but ranſoun, fre,
And gret giffts to thaim gaff he.

Hys frends thus gat curtaſly
He couth reſſawe, and hamely,
And hys fayis ſtoutly ſtonay.
At *Biland* all that nycht he lay.

For thair wictour all blyth thai war.
And on the morne, forowtyn mar,
Thai haff forthwart tane thair way.
Sa fer at that tyme trawaillyt thai,
Brynnand, ſlayand, and deſtroyand,
Thair fayis with all thair mycht noyand,
Quhill till the *Wald* cummyn war thai.
Syne northwart tuk thai hame thair way.
And deſtroyit in thair repair
The wale all planly of *Beanewar*.
And ſyne with priſoners, and catell,
Rychys, and mony fayr jowell,
To *Scotland* tuk thai hame thair way;
Bath blyth and glaid, joyfull and gay.
And ilk man went to thair repayr,
And lowyt God thaim fell ſa fayr
That thai the King off *Ingland*,
Throw worſchip, and throw ſtrenth off hand,
And throw thair Lords gret bounté,
Diſcumfyt in hys awne countré.

END OF BUKE XVIII.

THE

THE
BRUCE.

BUKE XIX.

ARGUMENT.

Pece beand at lenth eſtabliſt, a conſpiracy is formit be Lord SOULIS *again King* ROBERT.—*A parlement callit; and the conſpiratours put to the deid.—Inglis piratis tak Scotis ſchips.—Deth of* WALTER STEWART.—*King* ROBERT *orders* MURRAY *and* DOUGLAS *to invade Ingland,* EDWARD III. *being now on the throne of that kingrik.—The Inglis army advauncis to repell the Scottis.—*DOUGLAS *adviſes not to hazard a battel.—Embuſchment of* DOUGLAS.—*Firſt uſe of gunnis.—*DOUGLAS *in the nicht aſſalis the Inglis camp.—Storie of the fox and the fiſcher.—Retreit of the Scottis.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XIX.

NOW wes the land a quhile in peſs.
Bot cowatyſs, that can noucht ceſs
To ſet men apon felony,
To ger thaim cum to ſenyowry,
Gert Lords off full gret renoune
Mak a fell coniouratioun
Agayn ROBERT, the douchty KING.
Thai thoucht to bring hym till ending:
And to bruk, eftre hys dede,
The kynryk, and to ryng in hys ſteid.

The Lord the SOWLLS, Schyr WILYAME,
Off that purches had maiſt defame;

For

Ver. 2. *Cowatyſs* is here uſed for covetouſneſs of power, ambition.

Ver. 11. Our poet dates this conſpiracy after king Edward's expedition 1322; but from Lord Hailes's Annals it appears to have happened in 1320; and the conſpirators were put to death in Auguſt 1320.

There

For principale tharoff wes he.
Off aſſent off that cruelté
He had gottyn with hym ſindry:
GILBERT MALEHERBE, IHONE off LOGY,
Thir war knychts that I tell her;
And RICHARD BROUNE als, a ſquyer.
And gud Schyr DAWY off BRECHYN
Wes off this deid aretted ſyne;
As I ſall tell yow foryrmar.
Bot thai ilk ane diſcoweryt war
Throw a lady, as I hard ſay,
Or till thair purpos cum mycht thai.

For ſche tauld all to the KING
Thair purpos, and thair ordanyng;
And how that he ſuld haff bene ded,
And SOWLLS ryng intill hys ſted.
And tauld hym werray takynyng
This purches wes ſuthfaſt thing.

And quhen the KING wyſt it wes ſwa,
Sa ſutell purches gan he ma,

There were two truces between England and Scotland: one in 1319, to laſt two years; another in 1323, to laſt thirteen years. Barbour puts the conſpiracy after the ſecond truce, inſtead of after the firſt. Fordun dates the conſpiracy 1320.

Ver. 23. Our hero's obligations to the fair ſex, in the time of his adverſity, have been formerly noted.

That

That he gert tak thaim euirilkane.
And quhar the Lord SOWLLS wes tane,
Thre hundre and ſexty had he
Off ſquyers, cled in hys lyuery,
At that tyme in hys cumpany;
Owtane knychtys that wer joly.
Into *Berwik* takyn wes he;
That mycht all hys mengye ſe
Sary, and wa; but ſuth to ſay,
The KING let thaim all paſs thair way;
And held thaim at he takyn had.
The Lord SOWLLS ſone eftre maid
Plane granting off all that purchas.
A parlement ſet tharfor thar was;
And broucht thyddir hys mengye war.
The Lord the SOWLLS has grantyt thar
The deid into plane parleament.
Tharfor ſone eftyr he wes ſent
Till hys pennance to *Dunbartane*;
And deit thar in a tour off ſtane.

Schyr GILBERT MALEHERBE, and LOGY,
And RICHARD BROUNE, thar thre planly
War with a ſyſs thar ourtane;
Tharfor thai drawyn war ilkane,
And hangyt, and hedyt tharto;
As men had dempt thaim for to do.

And gud Schyr DAWY off BRECHYN
Thai gert chalance rycht ſtraitly ſyne.

And he grauntyt that off that thing
Wes weill maid till hym diſcouering;
Bot he thartill gaff na conſent.
And for he helyt thair entent,
And diſcoweryt it not to the KING,
That he held off all hys halding,
And maid till hym hys fewté,
Jugyt till hang and draw wes he.
And as thai drew hym for to hing,
The pepill ferly faſt gan thring,
Hym and hys meyſcheyff for to ſe,
That to behald wes gret pité.
Schyr INGRAHAME the UMFRAWEILL, that than
Wes with the KING as *Scottſman*,
Quhen he that gret myſcheyff gan ſe,
He ſaid, " Lordings, quharto preſs ye?
" To ſe at myſcheyff ſic a knycht,
" That wes ſa worthy, and ſa wycht,
" That Ik haff ſene mar preſs to ſe
" Hym for hys rycht ſouerane bounté,
" Than now doyſs for to ſe hym her."
And quhen thir werds ſpokyn wer,
With ſary cher he held hym ſtill,
Quhill men had off hym tnair will.
And ſyne, with the leve off the KING,
He broucht hym menſkly till erding.

Ver. 84. Till men had executed their pleaſure upon Brechin, had put him to death.

And

And ſyne to the KING ſaid he,
" A thing I pray yow graunt me,
" That is, that ye off all my land
" That is intill *Scotland* liand,
" Wald giff me leve to do my will."
The KING than ſone hes ſaid hym till,
' I will weill graunt that it ſwa be.
' But tell me quhat anowis ye?'
He ſaid agayn, " Schyr, graunt mercy,
" And I ſall tell yow it planly.
" Myne hart giffs me na mar to be
" With yow duelland in this countré.
" Tharfor, bot that it noucht yow greve,
" I pray yow hartily off your leve.
" For quhar ſa rycht worthy a knycht,
" And ſua chewalrouſs, and ſa wycht,
" And ſa renownyt off worſchip ſyne,
" As gud Schyr DAVID off BRECHYNE,
" And ſa fulfillet off all manheid,
" Wes put to ſa welanys a ded,
" My hart forſuth may not giff me
" To duell, for na thing that may be."
The KING ſaid, ' Sen that yow will ſwa,
' Quheneuir ye likys yow ma ga.
' And yow ſall haff gud leve tharto
' Thy liking off thy land to do.'

And he hym thankyt gretumly.
And off hys land, in full gret hy,

As hym thoucht beſt diſponyt he.
Syne at the KING off gret bounté,
Befor all thaim that with hym war,
He tuk hys leve for euirmar;
And went in *Ingland* to the King,
That maid hym rycht fayr welcummyng;
And aſkyt hym off the north tithing.
And he hym tauld all but leſing:
Haw thaiſe knychts deſtroyit war,
Quhen as I tauld till yow ar;
And off the KINGS curtaſſy,
That lewyt hym debonerly
To do off hys land hys liking.
In that tyme wes ſend fra the KING
Off *Scotland* myſſengers to trete
Off peſs, giff that thai mycht it get.
As thai befor oftſyſs war ſend;
How that thai noucht couth bring till end.

For the gud KING had in entent,
Sen God ſa fayr grace had hym lent,
That he had wonnyn all hys land,
Throw ſtrenth off armys, till hys hand,
That he peſs in hys tyme wald ma.
And all hys lands ſtabill ſwa
That hys ayr eftre hym ſuld be
In peſs, giff men held lawté.

Intill this tyme that UMPHRAWEILL,
As I bar yow on hand er quhill,

Come

Come till the King off *Ingland*,
The *Scotts* meſſengers thar he fand,
Off peſs and reſt to haiff tretis.
The King wyſt Schyr INGRAHAME wes wiſs;
And aſkyt cunſaill tharto
Quhat he wald rede hym for to do.
For he ſaid hym thoucht hard to ma
Peſs with the King ROBERT, hys ſa,
Quhill that he off hym wengyt war.
Schyr INGRAHAME maid till hym anſuar,
And ſaid, " He delt ſa curtaſly
" With me, that on na wyſs ſuld I
" Giff conſaill till hys nethring."
' The behowis nedwayis,' ſaid the King,
' To this thing her ſay thyne awiſs.'
" Schyr," ſaid he, " ſen your wills is
" That I ſay, wyt ye ſekyrly,
" For all your gret chewalry,
" To dele with hym yhe haff na mycht.
" Hys men all worthyn ar ſa wycht,
" For lang uſage off fechting,
" That has bene nuryſt in ſwilk thing,
" That ilk yhuman is ſa wicht
" Off hys, that he is worth a knycht.
" Bot an yow thynk yow war to bring
" To your purpoſs and your liking,
" Lang trewyſs with hym tak ye.
" Than ſall the maſt off hys mengye,
" That ar bot ſympil yhumanry,
" Be dyſtroynit comonnaly

" To

" To wyn thair mete with thair trawaile.
" And ſum off thaim neds but faill
" With pluch and harow for to get,
" And othyr ſer craffts, thair mete.
" Swa that thair armyng ſall worth auld;
" And ſall be rottyn, ſtroyt, and ſauld.
" And fele, that now of wer ar fley,
" Intill the lang trew ſall dey:
" And othyr in thair ſted ſall ryſs,
" That ſall cum litill of that maſtryſs.
" And quhen thai diſuſyt er,
" Than may ye move on thaim your wer."

Till this aſſentyt thai ilkane.
And eſtre ſone war trewis tane,
Bot wer, betuix twa Kings, that wer
Tailyeit to leſt for aucht yer:
And on the marchis gert thaim cry.
The *Scotts men* kepyt thaim lelely.

Bot the *Inglis men* apon the ſe
Diſtroyit, throw gret inyquyté,
Marchand ſchippis, that ſailand war
Fra *Scotland* till *Flaunders* with war:
And deſtroyit euirilkane,
And to thair oyſs the gud has tane.

The KING ſend oft till aſk redreſs:
Bot nocht off it redreſſyt wes.

And he abaid all tyme aſkand.
The trew on hys haff gert he ſtand
Apon the marchis ſtabilly,
And gert men kep thaim lelely.

In this tyme that trewis war
Leſtand on marchis, as I ſade ar,
Schyr WALTRE STEWART, that worthy was,
At *Bathgate* a gret ſeknes tas.
Hys iwill ay woux mar and mar,
Quhill men perſawyt be hys ſar,
That hym worthyt ned pay the det
That na man to pay may let.
Schrywyn, and als repentit weill,
Quhen all wes doyn hym ilk deill
That chryſtyn man nedit till have,
As gud cryſtyn the gaſt he gave.
Than men mycht her men gret and cry;
And mony a knycht, and mony a lady,
Mak in apert rycht ewill cher.
Sa did thai all that euir thai war:
All men hym menyt commonaly,
For off hys eild he wes worthy.
Quhen thai lang quhill thair dule had maid,
The corſs to *Paſlay* haff thai haid:

Ver. 206. In the ſhire of Linlithgow.

Ver. 214. Walter Stuart died 9th April 1326.

Barbour has paſt from 1322 to 1326; but the years 1323, 1324 were occupied in negociations, and in 1325 nothing occurs in Lord Hailes's Annals.

And thar with gret ſolempnyté,
And with gret dule, erdyt wes he.
God, for hys mycht, hys ſaule bring
Quhar joy ay leſts but ending!

Eftre hys dede, as I ſaid ar,
The trewys that ſwa takyn war,
For till haff leſtyt aucht yer,
Quhen twa yer off thaim paſſyt wer,
And ane halff as I trow alſua,
The King ROBERT ſaw men wald not ma
Redreſs off ſchyppys that war tane;
And off the men als that war ſlane:
Bot contynowit thair mawyté,
Quhenir thai met thaim on the ſe.
He ſend and acquyt hym planly;
And gaff the trewis up opynly.

And ſyne, in wengeance off thys treſpas,
The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,
And DONALD Erle off MAR alſua;
And JAMES off DOWGLAS with thaim twa,
And JAMES STEWART, that ledar wes,
Eftyr hys gud brodyrs deſceiſs,
Off all hys brudnys men in wer;
He gert apon thair beſt maner,

Ver. 229. The truce was to laſt thirteen years, as we know from original documents: and it was concluded in 1323, ſo that two years and a half of it extend into 1326.

Ver. 245. Editions have 'his brother's.'

With

With mony men, boune thaim to ga
In *Ingland*, for to bryn and ſla.

And thai held furth till *Ingland*.
Thai war off gud men ten thowſand.
Thai brynt and ſlew intill thair way;
Thair fayis faſt deſtroyit thai.
And ſwa gat ſouthwart gan thai far
To *Wardaill* quhill thai cummyn war.
That tyme EDUUARD off CARNAUERANE
The King wes ded, and laid in ſtane;
And EDUUARD, hys ſone, that wes ying,
In *Ingland* crownyt wes to King,
And ſurnome off *Wyndyſſor*.
He had in *Fraunce* bene thar befor
With hys modyr, dame YSABELL;
And wes weddyt, as Ik hard tell,
With a young lady fayr off face
That the Erles douchtre was
Off *Hennaud*; and off that countré
Broucht with hym men off gret bounté.

Ver. 254. Weredale on the river Were, in the weſtern extremity of the county of Durham.

Ver. 257. Edward III. aſcended the throne of England 24th January, 1327. The Scotiſh expedition was in the ſummer of that year. A truce had been concluded in 1323, to laſt thirteen years; but Barbour ſays the Engliſh had broken it by taking Scotiſh ſhips. It is alſo ſuſpected that, in that age, the death or depoſition of a king was conceived to cancel a treaty made with him.

Schyr IHONE the HENNAUD wes thair leder,
That wes wyſs and wycht in wer.

And that tyme that *Scottſmen* wer
At *Wardaile*, as I ſaid yow er,
Intill *York* wes the new maid King:
And herd tell off the deſtroying
That *Scotts men* maid in hys countré.
A gret oſt till hym gadryt he:
He wes weill ner fyfty thowſand.
Than held he northwart in the land,
In haill bataill with that mengye.
Auchten yer auld that tyme wes he.

The *Scottſmen* a day *Cokdaile*
Fra end till end had herid hale;
And till *Wardaile* agayn thai raid:
The diſcurriours, that ſycht has haid
Off cummyn off the *Inglis men*,
To thair Lords thai tauld it then.
Than the Lord DOWGLAS, in a ling,
Raid furth to ſe thair cummyng;
And ſaw that ſewyn bataill war thai,
That come ridand in gud aray.

Quhen he that folk behaldyn had,
Towart hys oſt agayn he rad.
The Erle ſperyt giff he had ſene
That oſt; "Ya, Schyr," he ſaid, "bot wene."

"Quhat folk ar thai?" "Schyr, mony men."
The Erle hys ayth hes ſuorn then
We ſall fecht with thaim, thouch thai war
Yeyt ma eftſonys than thai ar.
"Schyr, lowyt be God," he ſaid agayn,
"That we haff ſyk a capitayn,
"That ſwa gret thing dar undreta.
"Bot be Sayint Bryd it beis not ſua,
"Giff my cunſaill may trowyt be.
"For fecht on na maner ſall we,
"Bot it be at our awantage.
"For me think it war na owtrage
"To fewar folk aganys ma
"Awantage, quhen thai ma it, ta."

As thai war on this wyſs ſpekand,
Our ane hey rigg thai ſaw rydand,
Towart thaim ewyn, a bataill braid,
Baners diſplayit inew thai haid.
And ane othyr cum eftyr ner;
And rycht apon the ſamyn maner
Thai come, quhill aucht batails braid
Owt our that hey rigg paſſyt haid.

The *Scottſmen* that war thar liand
On north halff wer, towart *Scotland*.
The dale wes ſtrekyt weill, Ik hycht;
On aythir ſyd thar wes ane hycht;
And till the watre doune ſum deill ſtay.
The *Scottſmen* in gud aray,

On thair beſt wyſs buſkyt ilkane;
And in a ſtrenth that thai had tane,
And that wes fra the watre off *Wer*
A quartar off a myle weill ner,
Thar ſtud thai bataill till abid.
And *Inglis men* on aythir ſid
Come rydand downwart, quhill thai wer
To *Wers* watre cummyn als ner,
As on the othyr halff thair fayis wer.
Than haff thai maid a reſt rycht thar.
And ſend owt archerys a thowſand
With huds off, and bowis in hand;
And gert thaim wele drynk off the wyne,
And bad thaim gang to bykker ſyne
The *Scotts* oft in abandoun;
Thai gert thaim cum apon thaim doun;
For mycht thai ger thaim brek aray,
To haff thaim at thair will thoucht thai.
Armyt men doun with thaim thai ſend,
Thaim at the watre to defynd.

The Lord DOWGLAS hes ſene thair fer;
And men, that rycht weill horſyt wer
And armyt, a gret cumpany
Behind the batailles priuely,
He gert howe to bid thair cummyng:
And, quhen he maid to thaim taknyng,
Thai ſuld cum ilkane faſt, and ſla
With ſperys that thai mycht ourta.

DONALD

DONALD off MAR thair cheftane wes;
And ARCHIBALD off DOWGLAS.
The Lord DOWGLAS towart thaim raid;
A gowne on hys armur he haid:
And trawerſyt alwayis up agayn,
Thaim ner hys bataills for to trayn.
And thai, that drunkyn had off the wyn,
Come ay up lingand in a line,
Quhill thai the bataill come ſa ner,
That arowis fell amang thaim ſer.

ROBERT off OGILL, a gud ſquyer,
Come prikand than on a courſer;
And on the archers cryt agayn,
" Ye wat noucht quha mays yow that trayn.
" That is the Lord DOWGLAS; that will
" Off hys playis ken ſum yow till."
And quhen thai herd ſpek off DOWGLAS,
The hardyeſt effrayit was,
And agayn turnyt halely.
His takyn maid he then in hy.
And the folk that enbuſchyt war
Sa ſtoutly prykkyt on thaim thar,
That wele thre hundre haiff thai ſlayne.
And till the watre hame agayne
All the remanand gan thai chas.
Schyr WILYAME off ERSKYN thar was

Chaſſyt

Ver. 374. Editions read:
Sir William of Erſkin, that was

Chaſſyt with othyrs that thar war
Sa fer furth, that hys horſs hym bar
Amang the lump off *Inglis men*;
And with ſtrang hand wes takyn then.
Bot off hym weill ſone chang wes maid
For othyr that men takyn haid.

Fra thir *Inglis* archers war ſlane,
Thir folk raid till thair oſt agayn.
And rycht ſwa did the Lord off DOWGLAS.
And quhen that he reparyt was,
Thai mycht amang thair fayis ſe
The pailyownys ſone ſtentyt be.
And thai perſawyt ſone in hy
That thai that nycht wald tak herbery,
And ſchup to do na mar that day.
Tharfor thaim alſua herberyt thai:
And ſtent pailyownys in hy,
Tents and bigs als tharby,
Thai gert mak, and ſet all on raw.
Twa noweltyis that day thai ſaw,
That forouth in *Scotland* had bene nane.
Tymmris for helmys war the tane,

New made knight the ſamen day,
Well horſed into good array,
Chaſed with others, &c.

Ver. 396. *Timbre*, Fr. a creſt upon a helmet, correſponding to the creſt of the bearer's coat of arms. Gawin Douglas uſes the word for a common creſt of a helmet, as worn by the Greeks and Romans.

That

That thaim thoucht than off gret bewté,
And alſua wondre for to ſe.
The tothyr crakys war off wer,
That thai befor herd neuir er.
Off thir twa things thai had ferly.
That nycht thai walkyt ſtalwartly.
The maſt part off thaim armyt lay,
Quhill on the morn that it wes day
The *Ingliſmen* thaim umbethoucht
Apon quhat maner that thai moucht
Ger *Scotts* leve thair awantage.
For thaim thoucht foly and owtrage
To gang up till thaim, till aſſaill
Thaim at thair ſtrenth in plane bataill.

Tharfor off gud men a thouſand,
Armyt on horſs, bath fute and hand,
Thai ſend behind thair fayis, to be
Enbuſchyt intill a walé.
And ſchuip thair bataills, as thai wald
Apon thaim till the fechtand hald.
For thai thoucht *Scottſmen* ſic will
Had that thai mycht not hald thaim ſtill:
For thai knew thaim off ſic curage,
That thai throuch ſtrenth and awantage
Thai ſuld leve, and mete thaim planly.
Than ſuld thair buſchement halely

Ver. 399. Guns.

Behind

Behind brek on thaim at the bak.
Sa thoucht thai weill thai ſuld thaim mak
For to repent thaim off thair play.
Thair enbuſchement furth ſend haff thai,
That thaim enbuſchyt priuely.
And on the morne, ſum dele arly,
Intill thair oſt hey trumpyt thai;
And gert thair braid bataillis aray.
And, all arayit for to fycht,
Thai held towart the watre rycht.

Scotts men, that ſaw thaim do ſwa,
Boune on thair beſt wyſs gan thaim ma.
And in bataill planly arayit,
With baners till the wynd diſplayit,
Thai left thair ſtrenth, and all planly
Come doun to mete thaim hardely,
In as gud maner as thai moucht;
Rycht as thair fayis befor had thoucht.

Bot the Lord DOWGLAS, that ay wes war,
And ſet owt wachis her and thar,
Gat wyt off thair enbuſchement.
Than intill gret hy is he went
Befor the bataillis, and ſtoutly
He bad ilk man turn hym in hy,
Rycht as he ſtud: and turnyt ſwa
Up till thair ſtrenth he bad thaim ga:
Swa that na let thar thai maid.
And thai did as he biddyn haid,

Quhill till thair ſtrenth thai come agayne.
Thar turnyt thai thaim with mekill payne,
And ſtud redy to giff bataill,
Giff thair fayis wald thaim aſſaill.

Quhen *Ingliſmen* had ſene thaim ſwa
Towart thair ſtrenth agayn up ga,
Thai cryt hey, "Thai fley thair way!"
Schyr IHONE HENNAUD ſaid, "Perfay
"Yone fleying is rycht tragedy.
"Thair armyt men behind I ſe,
"And thair baners; ſwa that thai thar
"Bot turne thaim as thai ſtandand ar,
"And be arayit for to fycht,
"Giff ony preſſyt thaim with mycht.
"Thai haff ſene our enbuſchement,
"And agayn till thair ſtrenth ar went.
"Yone folk ar gouernyt wittily:
"And he that leds is worthy
"For awiſe, worſchip, and wyſdome,
"To gouern the empyr off *Rome*."

Ver. 459. The words *tragedy* and *comedy* were ſtrangely abuſed in the middle ages. It is well known that Dante ſtyles his poem *Commedia*, merely becauſe it ends happily: and he calls the Eneid *Tragedia*, becauſe it cloſes with battles and bloodſhed. Virgil ſpeaking ſays;

Euripilo ebbe nome, e coſi 'l canta
L'alta mia *tragedia*, in alcun loco. *Inf.* c. xx.

Barbour here uſes *tragedy*, for what we would call a ſtage-trick.

Thus

Thus ſpak that worthy knycht that day.
And the enbuſchement, fra that thai
Saw that thai ſwa diſcoweryt war,
Towart thair oſt agayn thai fair.
And the batailles off *Ingliſmen*,
Quhen thai ſaw thai had failyeit then
Off thair purpos, to thair herbery
Thai went; and logyt thaim in hy.
On othyr halff rycht ſwa did thai.
Thai mad na mar debat that day.

Quhen thai that day ourdrewyn had,
Fyrs in gret foyſoun thai maid,
Alſone as the nycht fallyn was.
And than the gud Lord off DOWGLAS,
That had ſpyit a place tharby,
Twa myle thence, quhar mar traiſtly
The *Scotts* oſt mycht herbery ta;
And defend thaim bettre alſua,
Than ellys on ony place tharby.
It wes a park, all halely
Wes enweround about with wall;
It wes ner full off treys all.
Bot a gret plane intill it was.
Thyddyr thoucht the Lord off DOWGLAS
Be nychtyrtale thair oſt to bring.
Tharfor, forowtyn mar duelling,

Ver. 495. Editions bear:
By night all their oiſt to bring.

Thai

Thai bet thair fers, and maid thaim mar;
And ſyne all ſamyn furth thai far,
And till the park, forowtyn tynſaill,
Thai come, and thaim herberyt weill
Upon the watre, and als ner
Till it as thai beforouth wer.

And on the morn, quhen it wes day,
The *Ingliſs* oft myſſyt away
The *Scottſmen*; and had ferly:
And gert diſcurriours haſtely
Pryk, to ſe quhar thai war away.
And, be thair fyrs, perſawit thai
That thai in the park off *Werdale*
Had gert herbery thair oft all hale.

Tharfor thair oft but mar abaid
Buſkyt, and ewyn anent thaim raid,
And on ayther halff the watre of *Wer*
Gert ſtent thair pailyownys, als ner
As thar befor ſtentyt war thai.
Aucht dayis on bath halff ſwa lay thai:
That *Ingliſmen* durſt not aſſaill
The *Scottſmen* with plane bataill,
For ſtrenth off erd that thai had ther.
Thar wes ilk day juſtyn off wer;

Ver. 497. They added fuel to their fires, and encreaſed them.

And

And ſcrymyn maid full apertly;
And men tane on aythir party.
And thai that war tane on a day,
On ane othyr changyt war thai.

Bot othyr deds nane war done,
That gretly is apon to mone.
Till it fell, on the ſewynd day,
The Lord DOWGLAS had ſpyt a way
How that he mycht about thaim rid,
And come apon the ferrer ſid.

And at ewyn purwayit hym he,
And tuk with hym a gud menye,
Fyve hundre in horſs, wycht and hardy,
And in the nycht all priuely,
Forowt noyis, ſa fer he raid,
Quhill that he ner enwyronyt haid
Thir oſt; and on the ferrar ſid
Towart thaim ſlely gan he rid.
And the men that with hym war
He gert in hand haff ſuerds bar,
And bad thaim hew rapys in twa,
That thai the pailyownys mycht ma
To fall on thaim, that in thaim war.
Than ſuld the lave, that folowyt thar,
Stab doune with ſpers ſturdely.
And, quhen thai hard hys horne in hy,
To the watre hald doune thair way.
Quhen this wes ſaid, that Ik her ſay,

Towart

Towart thair fayis faſt thai raid,
That on that ſid na wachis haid.

And as thai ner war approchand
Ane *Inglis man*, that lay bekand
Hym be a fyr ſid, till hys fer,
"I wate not quhat may tid us her.
"Bot rycht a gret growing me tais:
"I dred ſar for the blak DOWGLAS."
And HE, that hard hym, ſaid perfay
'Yow ſall haff cauſs giff that I may.'

With that, with all hys cumpany,
He ruſchyt on thaim hardely.
And pailyownys doune he bar.
With ſpers, that ſcharply ſchar,
Thai ſtekyt men diſpitouſly.
The noyſs weill ſone raiſs and the cry.
And thai ſtabbyt, ſtekyt, and ſlew:
And pailyownys doun yarne thai drew.
A feloune ſlauchtre maid thai thar;
For thai, that liand nakyt war,
Had na power defens to ma:
And thai bot pité gan thaim ſla.
Thai gert thaim weill wyt that folly
Wes ner thair fayis for to ly;
Bot giff thai traiſtly wachit war.
The *Scottſmen* war ſlayand thar

Ver. 557. Douglas who heard him.

Thir

Thir fayis, on this quhill the cry
Raſs throw the oſt comonnaly;
That Lords, and othyrs, war on ſter.
And quhen the DOWGLAS wyſt thai wer
Armand thaim all commonaly,
He blew hys horne for to rely
Hys men; and bad thaim hald thair way
Towart the watre: and ſwa did thai.
And he abaid henmaſt, to ſe
That nane off hys ſuld lewyt be.
And, as he bad ſwa howand,
Come thane ane with a club in hand,
And ſwa gret rout he till hym raucht,
That had not bene hys mekill maucht,
And hys rycht ſouerane manheid,
Intill that place he had bene dede.
Bot he that tyme wes nocht effrayit,
Thouch he weill oft wes hard aſſayit,
Throw mekill ſtrenth, and gret manheid
Has broucht the tothyr to the dede.

Hys men, that till the watre doun
War rydyne, intill a randoun,
Myſſyt thair Lord, quhen thai come thar,
Than war thai dredand for hym ſar.
Ilk ane at othyr ſperyt tithing:
Bot yhet off hym thai hard nathing.

Ver. 594. This irruption of Douglas into the Engliſh camp happened on the 4th Auguſt, 1327. See a curious account of it near the beginning of Froiſart's hiſtory.

Than

Than gan thai cunſaill ſamyn ta
That thai to ſek hym up wald ga.
And, as thai war in ſic effray,
A tutiwing off hys horn hard thai:
And thai, that hes it knawyn ſwyth
Was off hys cummyn wondre blyth.
And ſperyt at hym off hys abaid.
And he tauld how a carle hym maid
With a club ſic felounne pay,
That met hym ſtoutly in the way,
That had not fortune helpit the mar
He had bene in gret perill thar.

Thus gat ſpekand thai held thair way,
Quhill till the oſt cummyn ar thai;
That on fute armyt thaim abaid,
For till help giff thai myſter haid.
And alſone as the Lord DOWGLAS
Met with the Erle off MURREFF was,
The Erle ſperyt at thaim tithing
How thai had farne in thair owting.
" Schyr," ſaid he, " we haff drawyn blud."
The Erle, that wes off mekill mude,
Said, ' And we all had thyddir gayne,
' We haid diſcumfyt thaim ilkane.'
" That mycht haff fallyn weill," ſaid he;
" Bot ſekyrly ynew war we
" To put us in yone awentur.
" For had thai maid diſcumfitur

" On us, that yondre paſſyt wer,
" It ſuld all ſtonay that ar her."

The Erle ſaid, ' Sen it ſwa is
' That we may noucht with jupertyſs
' Our feloun fayis for to aſſaill;
' We ſall do it in plane bataill.'
The Lord DOWGLAS ſaid, " Be Sayint Brid,
" It wer gret foly, at this tid,
" Till us with ſwilk an oſt to fycht.
" It growis ilk day off mycht;
" And hes wictaill tharwith plenté.
" And in thair cuntré her ar we,
" Quhar thair may cum us na ſuccours:
" Hard is to mak us her reſcourſs.
" Na we us may ferrar mete to get:
" Swilk as we haiff her we mon et.
" Do we with our fayis tharfor,
" That ar her liand us befor,
" As Ik herd tell this othyr yer
" That a fox did with a fycher."
' How did the fox?' the Erle gan ſay.
He ſaid, " A fycher quhilum lay
" Beſid a ryver, for to get
" Hys netts that he had tharin ſet.
" A litill loge tharby he maid;
" And thar within a bed he haid;
" And a litill fyr alſua.
" A dure ther wes forowtyn ma.

" A nycht,

" A nycht, hys netts for to ſe,
" He raſe; and thar weill lang duelt he.
" And, quhen he had doyne hys deid,
" Towart hys loge agayn he yeid;
" And, with licht off the littill fyr,
" That in the loge wes brynand ſchyr,
" Intill hys loge a fox he ſaw,
" That faſt on an ſalmound gan gnaw.
" Than till the dur he went in hy,
" And drew hys ſuerd deleuerly:
" And ſaid, 'Reiffar yow mon her out.'
" The fox, that wes in full gret dout,
" Lukyt about ſum hole to ſe;
" Bot nane eſchew perſave couth he,
" Bot quhar the man ſtud ſturdely.
" A lauchtane mantell than hym by,
" Liand apon the bed, he ſaw;
" And with hys teth he gan it draw
" Outour the fyr: and quhen the man
" Saw hys mantell ly brynnand than,
" To red it ran he haſtely.
" The fox gat owt than in gret hy:
" And held hys way hys warand till.
" The man leyt hym begilyt ill,
" That he hys gud ſalmound had tynt;
" And alſo had hys mantill brynt:
" And the fox ſcaithles gat away.
" This enſample, weill I may ſay,
" Be yone oft; and us that ar her.
" We ar the fox: and thai the fycher,

" That ſteks forouth us the way.
" Thai wene we may na gat away,
" Bot rycht quhar thai ly. Bot perdé
" All as thai think it ſall not be.
" For I have gert ſe us a gat,
" Suppos that it be ſumdele wate:
" A page off ours we ſall not tyne.
" Our fayis for this ſmall trowintyn
" Menys weill we ſall prid us ſwa,
" That we planly on hand ſall ta
" To giff thaim opynly bataill:
" Bot at this tyme thair thoucht ſall faill.
" For we to morne her, all the day,
" Sall mak as mery as we may:
" And mak us boune agayn the nycht;
" And than ger mak our fyrs lycht;
" And blaw our hornys, and mak far,
" As all the warld our awne war,
" Quhill that the nycht weill fallyn be.
" And than, with all our harnayis, we
" Sall tak our way hamewart in hy.
" And we ſall gyit be graithly,
" Quhill we be out off thair daunger,
" That lyis now encloſyt her.
" Than ſall we all be at our will.
" And thai ſall let thaim trumpyt ill,
" Fra thai wyt weill we be away."
To this haly aſſentyt thai,
And maid thaim gud cher all that nycht,
Quhill on the morne that day wes lycht.

Apon

Apon the morne, all priuely,
Thai turſyt harnays, and maid redy;
Swa that, or ewyn, all boun war thai.
And thair fayis, that agayn thaim lay,
Gert haiff thair men, that thair war ded,
In carts, till ane haly ſted.
All that day cariand thai war,
With carts, men that ſlayn war thar.
That thai war fele mycht men weill ſe,
That in carrying ſa lang ſuld be.

The oſts bath that day wer
In peſs: and quhen the nycht wes ner
The *Scotts* folk, that liand war
Intill the park, maid feſt and fer;
And blew hornys; and fyrs maid,
And gert thaim mak brycht and braid;
Swa at the nycht thair fyrs war mar,
Than on tyme befor thai war.
And quhen the nycht wes fallyn weill,
With all the harnayis ilka deill,
All priuely thai raid thair way.
Sone in a moſs entryt ar thai,
That had weile twa myle lang off breid.
Owt our that moſs on fute thai yeid:
And in thair hand thair horſs leid thai.
And it wes rycht a noyus way;
And noucht forthy all that thai wer
Come weill outour it, hale and fer;

And tynt but litill off thair ger,
Bot giff it war ony ſumer,
That in the moſs wes left liand.
Quhen all, as Ik haff borne on hand,
Outour that moſs, that wes ſa braid,
War cumyn, a gret glaidſchip thai haid:
And raid furth hamewart on thair way.
And on the morne, quhen it wes day,
The *Inglis men* ſaw the herbry,
Quhar *Scotts men* war wont to ly,
All woid: thai wondryt gretly then;
And ſend furth ſyndry off thair men,
To ſpy quhar thai war gayn away,
Quhill at the laſt thair traiſs fand thai,
That till the mekill moſs thaim haid,
That wes ſwa hidwouſs for to waid,
That awentur thaim tharto durſt nane;
Bot till thair oſt agayn ar gane.
And tauld how that thai paſſyt war
Quhar neuir man paſſyt ar.

Quhen *Inglis men* hard it wes ſwa,
In hy to cunſaill gan thai ta,
That thai wald folow thaim na mar.
Thair oſt rycht than thai ſcalit thar:
And ilk man till hys awn raid.
And King ROBERT, that wittring haid

Ver. 746. Except perhaps a ſumpter-horſe.

At

At hys men in the park ſwa lay,
And at quhat meyſcheyff thar war thai,
Ane oſt aſſemblyt he in hy.
And ten thowſand men, wycht and hardy,
He has ſend furth with Erllis twa,
Off the MERSS, and ANGUSS, wer tha,
The oſt in *Werdale* to releve.
And giff thai mycht ſa wele eſcheve
That ſamyn nycht, be thai and thai,
Thai thoucht thair fayis till aſſay.

Swa fell that, on the ſamyn day,
That the moſs, as ye herd me ſay,
Wes paſſyt, the diſcurriours that thar
Ridand befor the oſt war,
Off aythir oſt hes gottyn ſycht.
And thai, that worthy war and wycht,
At thair meting juſtyt off wer.
Enſenyeys hey thai cryt ther.
And be thair cry perſawit thai,
That thai war freynds, and not a fay.

Than mycht men ſe thaim glaid and blyth;
And tauld it to thair Lords ſwith.
The oſt bath met ſamyn ſyne.
Thar wes rycht hamely welcumyng

Ver. 779. Editions have:

That ſamin night that meet might they.

'Be thai and thai,' ſeems to imply, when both came together; or with joint force.

Maid amang thais gret Lords thar:
Off thair meting joyfull thai war.

The Erle PATRIK, and hys menye,
Had wictaillis with thaim gret plenté,
And tharwith weill relevyt thai
Thair frends: for, the ſuth to ſay,
Quhill thai in *Wardale* liand war
Thai had defaut off mete. Bot thar
Thai war relewyt with gret plenté.
Towart *Scotland*, with gamyn and gle,
Thai went; and weill hame cummyn ar thai.
And ſcalyt ſyne ilk man thair way.

The Lords ar went to the KING,
That has maid thaim fayr welcuming.
For off thair come rycht glaid wes he;
And that thai ſic perplexité,
Forout tynſaill, eſchapen haid.
All war thai blyth, and mery maid.

Ver. 807. Auguſt, 1327.

THE END OF BUKE XIX.

THE

THE
BRUCE.

BUKE XX.

ARGUMENT.

King ROBERT *assemblis thre hoſts to invade Ingland —ravages Northummerland.—The King of Ingland offers pece; and his ſyſter to King* ROBERT'*s ſon* DAVID.—*Seknes of King* ROBERT.—*Weddyng of Prince* DAVID.—*King* ROBERT'*s ſeknes increſand, he makis his teſtament.—He deſiris* DOUGLAS *to carry his heart to the Halie Land.—Deth of King* ROBERT.—*Erl of* MURREF *maid Governour of Scotland.*—DOUGLAS *is ſlayn in Spain, fechting again the Saracenis.—Deth of* MURREF.—*Concluſioun.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XX.

SONE eftyr that the Erle THOMAS
Fra *Wardeill* thus reparyt was,
The KING aſſemblyt all hys mycht;
And left nane that wes worth to fycht.
A gret oſt than aſſemblyt he;
And delt hys oſt in parts there.
A part to *Norame* went but let,
And a ſtark aſſege hes ſet,
And held thaim in rycht at thair dyk.
The tothyr part till *Anwik*
Is went, and thar a ſege ſet thai.
And quhill that thair aſſegs lay
At thir caſtells, I ſpak off ar,
Apert eſchewis oft maid thar war:
And mony fayr chewalry
Eſchewit war full douchtely.

The KING at thais caſtells liand
Left hys folk, as I bar on hand;

Ver. 3. September, 1327.

And

And with the thrid oſt held hys way
Fra park to park, hym for to play;
Huntand as all hys awne war.
And till hym, that war with hym thar,
The lands off *Norththummyrland*,
That neyſt to *Scotland* war liand,
In fe and heritage gave he:
And thai payit for the ſelys fe.

On this wyſs raid he deſtroyand,
Quhill that the King off *Ingland*,
Throw cunſaill off the MORTYMAR,
And hys modyr, that that tyme war
Ledars off hym, that then young weſs,
To King ROBERT, to tret off peſs
Send meſſyngers. And ſwa ſped thai
That thai aſſentit on this way
Suld thar a perpetuall peſs tak.
And thai a mariage ſuld mak
Off the King ROBERTS ſone, DAWY,
That than bot fyve yer had ſcarſly,
And off dame IHANE als off the Tour,
That ſyne wes off full gret walour.

Ver. 26. And they paid the fees of ſealing, of office. This vaunt of Robert's correſpónds ſomewhat with Hannibal's ſelling the ſhops in Rome, after the Romans had ſold the ground upon which his camp ſtood.

Ver. 32. October, 1327. King Robert was then at Norham.

Syſtre

Syſtre ſche wes to the ying King,
That had *Ingland* in gouerning,
That than off eild had ſewyn yer.
And monyments, and lettres ſer,
That thai off *Ingland* that tyme had,
That oucht agayn *Scotland* mad,
Intill that tretyſs up thai gaff.
And all the clame that thai mycht haff
Intill *Scotland* on ony maner.
And King ROBERT, for ſcaithis fer,
That he to thaim off *Ingland*
Had done, off wer with ſtalwart hand,
Full twenty thowſand pound ſuld pay
Off ſiluer into gud monay.

Quhen men thir things forſpokyn had;
And, with ſels and athis, maid
Feſtnyng off frendſchip, and off peſs,
That neuir for na chance ſuld ceſs;
The mariage ſyne ordanyt thai
To be at *Berwik:* and the day
Thai haff ſet quhen that this ſuld be.
Syne went ilk man till hys countré.

Thus maid wes peſs, quhar wer wes ar:
And thus the ſegs raiſſyt war.

Ver. 44. That is, the Engliſh were to give up any charters or letters derogatory to the independence of Scotland. The editions from nicety omit theſe ſix lines.

The

The King ROBERT ordanyt to pay
The ſiluer: and agayn the day
He gert weill for the maugery
Ordane that quhen hys ſon DAWY
Suld weddyt be: and Erle THOMAS,
And the gud Lord off DOWGLAS,
Intill hys ſteid ordanyt he,
Dewiſowrs off that feſt to be.
For a malice hym tuk ſa ſar,
That he on na wyſs mycht be thar.

This malice off endfundeyng
Begouth, for throw hys cald lying,
Quhen in hys gret myſcheiff wes he,
Hym fell that hard perplexité.

At *Cardroſs* all that tyme he lay.
And quhen ner cummyn wes the day,
That ordanyt for the weddyn was,
The Erle, and the Lord off DOWGLAS,
Come to *Berwik*, with mekill far,
And broucht young DAWY with thaim ther.
And the Queyn, and the MORTYMER,
On othyr part cummyn wer,
With gret affer and roawté.
The young lady, off gret bewté,

Ver. 75. *Malice*, rather *maleſe*, is diſeaſe. Robert's was the leproſy. Editions read:

His ſickneſs came of a fundying
He had tane through his cold lying.

Thyddyr

Thyddyr thai broucht with rich affer.
The weddyn haf thai makyt thar,
With gret feſt and ſolempnyté.
Thar mycht men myrth and glaidſchip ſe:
For rycht gret feſt thai maid thar.
And *Inglis men* and *Scotts* war
Togyddyr in joy and ſolace:
Na felouné betwix thaim was.

The feſt a wele lang tyme held thai.
And quhen thai buſkyt to far away,
The Queyn hes left hyr douchtre thar,
With gret rychis and roale far.
I trow that lang quhill na lady
Wes gevyn till houſs ſa rychly.
And the Erle, and the Lord DOWGLAS,
Hyr in daynté reſſawyt has,
As it war worthy ſekyrly.
For ſche wes ſyne the beſt lady,
And the fayreſt, that men thurſt ſe.
Eftyr this gret ſolemnyté,
Quhen off bath lewyis war tane,
The Queyne till *Ingland* hame is gane,
And had with hyr MORTYMAR.
The Erle, and thai that levyt war,
Quhen thai a quhill hyr conwoyit had,
Towart *Berwik* agayn thai raid.
And ſyne, with all thair cumpany,
Towart the KING thai went in hy;

Ver. 90. The 12th of July, 1328.

And

And had with thaim the young DAWY,
And Dame IHANE als, that young lady.

The KING maid thaim fayr welcumyng.
And eftre, but langer delaying,
He has gert ſet a parlement;
And thiddyr with mony men is went.
For he thoucht he wald, in hys lyff,
Croun hys young ſon, and hys wyff.
And at the parleament ſwa did he
With gret fayr and ſolemnyté.
The King DAWY wes crownyt thar.
The King ROBERT gert ordane thar,
Giff it fell that hys ſone DAWY
Deyt, but ayr male off hys body
Gottyn, ROBERT STEWART ſuld be
King; and bruk all the roalté
That hys douchtre bar, MARIORY.
And at hys tailye ſuld lelyly
Be haldyn all the Lords ſwar,
That it with ſelys affyrmyt thar.
And giff it hapnyt ROBERT the King
To paſs to God, quhill thai war ying,
The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,
And the Lord alſua off DOWGLAS,
Suld haff thaim into gouerning,
Quhill thai had wyt to ſter thair ring,
And than the Lordſchip ſuld thai ta.
Hertill thair athys gan thai ma.

And all the Lords that thar war
To thir twa wardanys athys ſuar,
Till obey thaim in lawté
Giff fell thaim wardanys to be.

Quhen all this thing thus tretyt wes,
And affermyt with ſykernes,
The King to *Cardroſs* went in hy.
And thar hym tuk ſa felely
The ſeknes, and hym trawaillyt ſwa,
That he wyſt hym behowyt to ma
Off all hys lyff the commoun end,
That is to dede, quhen God will ſend.

Tharfor hys lettres ſone ſend he
For the Lords off hys countré.
And thai come as he biddyn had.
His teſtament then hes he maid,
Befor bath Lords and Prelats;
And to religioun, off ſer ſtats,
For hele off hys ſaule, gaff he
Siluer into gret quantité.
He ordanyt for hys ſaule weill.
And quhen this done wes ilka dele,
He ſaid, " Lordings, ſwa it is gayn
" With me, that thar is noucht bot ane
" That is the dede, withowtyn drede,
" That ilk man mon thole off mede.
" And I thank God that has me ſent
" Space in this lyve me to repent.

" For throuch me, and my werraying,
" Off blud has bene rycht gret ſpilling;
" Quhar mony ſakleſs men war ſlayn.
" Tharfor this ſeknes, and this payn,
" I tak in thank for my treſpaſs.
" And myn hart fichyt ſekyrly was,
" Quhen I wes in proſperité,
" Off my ſynnys to ſauffyt be,
" To trawaill apon Godds fayis.
" And ſen he now me till hym tayis,
" Swa that the body may na wyſs
" Fulfill that the hart gan dewyſs;
" I wald the hart war thyddir ſent,
" Quharin conſawyt wes that entent.
" Tharfor I pray yow euirilkane,
" That ye amang yow cheſs me ane,
" That be honeſt, wyſe, and wycht,
" And off hys hand a nobill knycht,
" On Godds fayis my hart to ber,
" Quhen ſaule and corſs diſſeueryt wer.
" For I wald it war worthily
" Broucht thar; ſen God will noucht that I
" Haue power thiddyrwart to ga."
Than war thair harts all ſa wa,
That nane mycht hald hym from greting.
He bad tham leve thair ſorrowing,

Ver. 178. Editions have:

And mine heart firmlie ſet was.

An interpretation of the old language.

For

For it, he ſaid, mycht not releve;
And mycht thaim rycht gretly engreve.
And prayit thaim in hy to do
The thing that thai war chargyt to.

Than went thai furth in drery mode.
Amang thaim thai thoucht it gode,
That the worthy Lord off DOWGLAS
Beſt ſchapyn for that trawaill was.
And quhen the KING hard that thai ſwa
Had ordanyt hym hys hart to ta,
That he maſt yarnyt ſuld it haff;
He ſaid, " Sa God hymſelff me ſaiff!
" I hald me rycht weile payit that yhe
" Haff choſyn hym: for hys bounté,
" And hys worſchip, ſet my yarnyng,
" Ay ſen I thoucht to do this thing,
" That it with hym thar ſuld ber.
" And ſen ye all aſſentyt er,
" It is the mar likand to me.
" Lat ſe now quhat thartill ſayis he."
And quhen the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
Wyſt that thing thus ſpokyn was,
He come and knelyt to the KING,
And on this wyſs maid hym thanking.
' I thank yow gretly, Lord,' ſaid he,
' Off mony largeſs, and gret bounté,
' That ye haff done me felſyſs;
' Sen fyrſt I come to your ſeruice.

'Bot our all thing I make thanking
'That ye ſa dyng and worthy thing,
'As your hart, that enlumynyt wes
'Off all bounté, and all prowes,
'Will that I in my yemſall tak.
'For yow, Schyr, I will blythly mak
'This trawaill, giff God will me gif
'Layſar and ſpace ſwa lang to lyff.'

The KING hym thankyt tendrely.
Than wes nane in that cumpany
That thai na wepyt for pité.
Thair cher anoyis wes to ſe.

Quhen the Lord DOWGLAS, on this wyſs,
Had undretane ſa hey empryſs,
As the gud KING's hart to ber,
On Godds fayis apon wer,
Priſſyt for hys empriſs wes he.
And the KINGS infirmyté
Woux mar and mar, quhill at the laſt
The dulfull dede approchit faſt.
And quhen he had gert till hym do
All, that gud Cryſtyn man fell to,
With werray repentance he gaf
The gaſt, that God till hewyn haiff,
Amang

Ver. 250. King Robert died at Cardroſs, 7th June, 1329, aged 55.

His diſeaſe was the leproſy, occaſioned, as Barbour ſays, by

Amang hys choſſyn folk to be
In joy, ſolace, and Angell gle!

And fra hys folk wyſt he wes ded,
The ſorow raiſs fra ſteid to ſteid.
Thar mycht men ſe men ryve thair har:
And comounly knychts gret full ſar,
And thair newffys oft ſamyn dryve,
And as woud men thair claithys ryve.
Regretand hys worthy bounté,
Hys wyt, hys ſtrenth, hys honeſté;
And our all the gret cumpany
That he thaim maid oft curtaſly.
" All our defens," thai ſaid, " allace!
" And he that all our comford was,
" Our wyt, and all our gouernyng,
" Allace is broucht her till ending!
" Hys worſchip, and hys mekill mycht,
" Maid all that war with hym ſa wycht,
" That thai mycht neuir abayſit be,
" Quhill forouth thaim thai mycht hym ſe.
" Allace! quhat ſall we do or ſay?
" For on lyff quhill he leſtyt, ay
" With all our nychtbours dreid war we:
" And intill mony fer cuntré
" Off our worſchip ſprang the renoun:
" And that wes all for hys perſoun."

by his poor and hard living, while abſconding from the Engliſh power. Conſtantia, Ducheſs of Bretagne, and Henry IV. of England, died of the ſame diſeaſe.

With ſwilk wordys thai maid thair mayn,
And ſekyrly wondre wes nane;
For better gouernour than he
Mycht in na countré fundyn be.
I hop that nane that is on lyve
The lamentatioun ſuld diſcryve
That that folk for thair Lord maid.
And quhen thai lang thus ſorowyt had,
Thai haiff had hym to *Dunferlyne*:
And hym ſolemply erdyt ſyne
In a fayr tumb, intill the quer.
Byſchaps and Prelats, that thar war,
Aſſolyeit hym, quhen the ſeruice
Wes done as thai couth beſt dewiſs,
And ſyne, on the tothyr day,
Sary and wa ar went thair way.

And he debowaillyt wes clenly,
And bawmyt ſyne rychly:
And the worthy Lord off DOWGLAS
Hys hart, as it forſpokyn was,
Has reſawyt in gret daynté,
With gret fayr and ſolemneté.

Quhen that the gud King beryt was,
The Erle off MURREFF, Schyr THOMAS,
Tuk all the land in gouerning:
All obeyit till hys bidding.

And

And the gud Lord off DOWGLAS ſyne
Gert mak a caſs off ſiluer fyne,
Enamylyt throw ſutelté.
Tharin the KINGS hart did he:
And ay about hys halſs it bar;
And faſt hym bownyt for to far.
Hys teſtament deuiſyt he;
And ordanyt how hys land ſuld be
Gouernyt, quhill hys gayn cummyng.
Off frends, and all othyr thing,
That till hym pertenyt ony wyſs,
With ſic forſycht and ſa wyſs,
Or hys furth paſſing, ordanyt he,
That na thing mycht amendyt be.

And quhen that he hys leve had tane,
To ſchip to *Berwik* is he gane.
And with a nobill cumpany,
Off knychts and off ſquyery,
He put hym thar to the ſe.
A lang way furthwart ſailyt he:
For betwix *Cornwaill* and *Bretaynné*
He ſailyt; and left the grune off *Spainye*
On northhalff hym; and held thair way
Quhill to *Savill* the graunt cum thai.
Bot gretly wes hys men and he
Trawaillyt with tempeſts off the ſe.
Bot, thoucht thai gretly trawaillyt war,
Hale and fer ar thai cummyn thar.

Thai arywyt at gret *Savill*;
And eftre, in a litill quhill,
Thair horſs to land thai drew ilkane,
And in the toun has herbery tane.

He hym contenyt rychly,
For he had a fayr cumpany,
And gold ynewch for to diſpend.
The King alſone hym eftre ſend;
And hym rycht weill reſſawyt he;
And profferyt hym, in gret plenté,
Gold, and treſour, horſs and arming.
Bot he wald tak tharoff na thing,
For he tuk that wiage
To paſs intill pilgramage
On Godds fayis, that hys trawaill
Mycht till hys ſaule hele awaill.
And ſen he wyſt that he had wer
With *Saryſynys*, he wald duel ther,
And ſerve hym at hys mycht lely.
The King hym thankyt curtaſly;
And betaucht hym gud men that wer,
Weill knawyn off that lands wer,
And the maner tharoff alſua.
Syne till hys innys gan he ga.

Quhen that the King hym levyt had,
A weill gret ſoiourne thar he mad.

Ver. 338. The editions call this king *Alphonſe*. He was Alphonſo XI. king of Caſtille and Leon, then at war with Oſmyn the Mooriſh commander of Granada. *Annals*, ii. 134.

Knychts

Knychts that come off fer countré
Come in gret hy hym for to ſe,
And honowryt hym full gretumly,
And our all men fer ſoueranly.
The *Ingliſs* knychts that war thar
Honour and cumpany hym bar.

Amang thir ſtrangers was a knycht
That wes haldyn ſa worthy and wycht,
Tharfor ane off the gud wes he
Preſſyt off the Criſtianté.
Sa faſt till hewyn wes hys face,
That it our all ner wonnyt was.
Or he the Lord DOWGLAS had ſene,
He wend hys face had wonnyt bene.
Bot neuir a hurt tharin had he.
Quhen he unwonnyt gan it ſe,
He ſaid that he had gret ferly
That ſwilk a knycht, and ſa worthy,
And pryſſyt off ſa gret bounté,
Mycht in the face unwonnyt be.
And he anſwerd tharto mekly,
And ſaid, " Lowe God, all tyme had I

Ver. 365. Editions read:

That for ane of the beſt was he.

Ver. 367. That is, his face was all hewed as with a chiſſel, ſcared with wounds.

Ver. 378, 379. That is, ' God be praiſed, I had always ' hands to defend my head.' An apophthegm certainly worthy of a Greek.

" Hands

" Hands my hede for to wer."
Quha wald tak kep to this anſuer,
Suld ſe in it undreſtanding;
That, and he that maid that aſking
Had hands to wer hys face,
That, for faut off defens, ſa was
To fruſchyt intill placs ſer,
Suld have, may fall, left hale and ſer.
The gud knychts, that than war by,
Pryſſyt hys anſuer gretumly;
For it wes maid with mek ſpeking,
And had rycht hey undreſtanding.

Apon this maner ſtill thai lay,
Quhill throw the countré thai hard ſay,
That the hey King off *Balmeryne*,
With mony a mody *Saryſene*,
Was entryt intill the land off *Spanye*,
All hale the country to ſpulyie.

The King off *Spaynye*, on othyr party,
Gaddryt hys oſt deleuerly;

Ver. 381. Editions have:

Thus made he courteous anſwering,
With a right hie underſtanding;
That, for default of fence, it was
That ſo evil hewen was his face.
The good knights, &c.

For the better, the reading of the MS. being perplexed.

Ver. 393. Is this *Almeria*, in the kingdom of Granada?

And

And delt hym intill batailles thre.
And to the Lord DOWGLAS gaff he
The awaward to led and ſter;
All hale the ſtrangers with hym wer.
And the gret maiſter off *Saint Iak*
The tothyr bataill gert he tak.
The rerward maid hym ſelwyn thar.
Thus gat deuiſyt furth thai far
To mete thair fayis, that in bataill
Arayit, redy till aſſaill,
Come agayn thaim full ſturdely.
The DOWGLAS, that wes ſa worthy,
Quhen he to thaim off hys leding
Had maid a fayr moneſting,
To do weill and na ded to dreid,
For hewynys blyſs ſuld be thar mede,
Giff that thai deyt in Godds ſeruice;
Than, as gud werrayours and wiſs,
With thaim ſtoutly aſſemblit he.
Thar mycht men feloune fechting ſe.
For thai war all wycht and worthy,
That war on the Cryſtyn party;

And

Ver. 420. Editions after this line inſert the twelve following very intereſting ones:

But ere they joyned in battel
What Douglas did I ſhall you tell.
The BRUCE's heart, that on his breſt
Was hinging, in the field he keſt,
Upon a penny-ſtone caſt and more,
And ſaid, NOW PASS THOU FORTH BEFORE,

As

And faucht ſa faſt, with all thair mayne,
That *Saryſynys* war mony ſlayne;
The quheyr, with mony fele faſchoun,
Mony a Cryſtyn dang thai doun.

Bot at the laſt the Lord DOWGLAS,
And the gret rout that with hym was,
Preſſyt the *Saryſynys* ſwa,
That thai haly the bak gan ta.
And thai chaſſyt, with all thair mayn,
And mony in the chaſs has ſlayn.

Sa fer chaſſyt the Lord off DOWGLAS,
With few that he paſſyt was
All the folk, that war chaſſand then.
He had not with hym our ten
Off all men that war with hym thar.
Quhen he ſaw all reparyt war,

AS THOU WAS WONT IN FIELD TO BE;
AND I SHALL FOLLOW, OR ELSE DIE!
And ſo did he, withouten ho;
He faught even while he came it to,
And took it up in gret dayntie:
And ever in field thus uſed he.
Sa faſt they faucht with all their main, &c.

The tranſcriber of the MS. followed in this edition ſeems to have got weary of his long labour; and the later books, as we have ſeen in more inſtances than one, are not ſo accurate as the former: hence we may infer this to be a mere omiſſion; for that the above lines are not interpolated we may judge from their intimate connection, and manner.

Towart

Towart hys oſt than turnyt he.
And quhen the *Saryſynys* gan ſe
That the chaſſers turnyt agayn,
Thai relyit with mekill mayn.
And as the gud Lord off DOWGLAS,
As I ſaid er, reparand was,
Sa ſaw he, rycht beſid thaim ner,
Quhar that Schyr WILYAME the SANTCLER
With a gret rowt enwiround was.
He wes anoyit: and ſaid, " Allace!
" Yone worthy knycht will ſone be ded,
" Bot he haff help: and our manheid
" Biddys us help hym in gret hy,
" Sen that we ar ſa ner hym by.
" And God wate our entent is
" To leve, or de, in hys ſerwice.
" Hys will in all thing do ſall we.
" Sall na perill eſchewyt be,
" Quhill he be put owt off yone payn;
" Or than we all be with hym ſlayn."

With that with ſpurs ſpedely
Thai ſtrak the horſs; and in gret hy
Amang the *Saryſynys* thai raid,
And rowme about thaim haff thai maid.
Thai dang on faſt with all thair mycht,
And fele off thaim to ded has dycht.
Gretar defens maid neuir ſa quhone
Agayn ſa fele, as thai haff done.

Quhill

Quhill thai mycht laſt thai gave bataill:
Bot mycht na worſchip thar awaill,
That thai ilkane war ſlayne doun thar:
For *Saryſynys* ſa mony war,
That thai war twenty ner for ane.
The gud Lord DOWGLAS thar wes ſlane;
And Schyr WILYAME the SAINTECLER alſua;
And othyr worthy knychts twa,
Schyr ROBERT LOGANE hat the tane,
And the tothyr Schyr WALTRE LOGANE.
Quhar our Lord, for hys mekill mycht,
Thair ſaulls haf till hewynys hycht!

The gud Lord DOWGLAS thus wes ded.
And *Saryſynys* in that ſted
Abaid na mar, bot held thair way:
Thair knychts dede thar lewyt thai.
Sum off the Lord DOWGLAS' men,
That thair Lord dede has fundyn then,
Yeid weill ner woud for dule and wa,
Lang quhill our hym thai ſorowit ſwa.
And ſyne with gret dule hame hym bar:
The KING's hart haff thai fundyn thar,
And that hame with thaim haff thai tane;
And ar towart thair innys gane,
With gretyng, and with iwill cher;
Thair ſorow wes angry ſer till her.

Ver. 470. On the 25th of Auguſt, 1330.

And

And quhen off KETH gud Schyr WILYAME,
That all that day had bene at hame,
For at ſwa gret malice wes he,
That he come not to the journé,
For hys arme brokyn wes in twa;
Quhen he that folk ſic dule ſa ma,
He aſkyt quhat it wes in hy.
And thai hym tauld all opynly:
How that thair douchty Lord wes ſlayn
With *Saryſynys* that releyt agayn.
And quhen he wyſt that it wes ſwa,
Outour all othyr hym was wa;
And maid ſa wondre ywill cher,
That all wondryt that by hym wer.

Bot to tell off thair ſorowing
It noyis, and helpis litill thing.
Men may weill wyt, thouch nane thaim tell,
How angry for ſorow, and how fell,
Is to tyne ſic a Lord as he,
To thaim that war off hys mengye.
For he was ſwete, and debonar;
And weill couth trete hys frends far;
And hys fayis rycht felounnly
Stonay, throw hys chewalry;
The quheyr off litill affer wes he.
Our all thing luffyt he lawté:
At treſoun growyt he ſa gretly,
That na traytour mycht be hym by,

Ver. 493. *Malice*, as formerly remarked, is *diſeaſe*.

That

That he mycht wyt that he ne ſuld be
Weill punyſt off hys cruelté.

I trow the lele FABRICIUS,
That fra *Rome* to werray PYRRUS
Wes ſend, with a gret mengye,
Luffyt treſoun na les than he.
The quheyr quhen PYRRUS had
On hym and on hys mengye maid
Ane outrageouſs diſcumfitour,
Quhar he eſchapyt throw ane tour;
And mony off hys men war ſlayne;
And he had gadryt oft agayne;
A gret maiſtre off medycyne,
That had PYRRUS in gowernyne,
Profferyt to FABRICIUS
In treſoun to ſla PYRRUS;
For, intill hys neyſt potioun,
He ſuld giff hym dedely puſoun.
FABRICIUS that wondre had
Off that proferre that he hym mad
Said, " Certs *Rome* is weill off mycht,
" Throw ſtrenth off armys into fycht,
" To wencuſs thair fayis, thouch thai
" Conſent to treuſoun be na way.
" And for yow wald do ſic trewſoun
" I ſall ye gat a waryſoun.
" Ga to PYRRUS, and lat hym do
" Quhateuir hym lyis on hart tharto."

Than

Than till PYRRUS he ſend in hy
This maiſtyr, and gert opynly
Fra end till end tell hym this tale.
Quhen PYRRUS had it herd all hale,
He ſaid, 'Wes euir man that ſwa
'For leawté bar hym till hys fa,
'As her FABRICIUS dois to me?
'It is als ill to ger hym be
'Turnyt fra way off rychtwiſnes,
'Or ellis conſent to wykkytnes,
'As at myd day to turne agayn
'The ſone that rynnys hys courſs playn.'
Thus ſaid he off FABRICIUS,
Than ſyne wencuſſyt this ilk PYRRUS
In plane bataill, throw hard fechting.
Hys honeſt leawté gert me bring
In this enſample her, for he
Had ſouerane price off leawté.
And ſwa had the Lord off DOWGLAS,
That he wyſt lele and worthy was,
That wes ded, as befor ſaid we:
All menyt hym, ſtrang and priué.

Quhen hys men lang had maid murning,
Thei debowalyt hym, and ſyne
Gert ſcher hym ſwa, that mycht be tane
The fleſch all haly fra the bane.
And the carioune thar in haly place
Erdyt, with rycht gret worſchip, was.

The banys haue thai with thaim tane;
And ſyne ar to thair ſchippys gane;
Quhen thai war lewyt off the King,
That had dule for thair ſorrowing.

To ſe thai went: gud wynd thai had.
Thair courſs till *Ingland* haff thai maid;
And thar ſauffly arywyt thai.
Syne towart *Scotland* held thair way,
And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy.
And the banys honorabilly
Intill the kyrk off *Dowglas* war
Erdyt, with dule and mekill car.
Schyr ARCHIBALD ſone gert ſyne
Off alabaſtre, bath fair and fyne,
Ordane a tumb ſa rychly
As it behowyt to ſwa worthy.

Quhen that on this wyſs Schyr WILYAME
Off KETH had broucht hys banys hame,
And the gud KING's hart alſua,
And men had rychly gert ma
With fayr effer hys ſepultur;
The Erle off MURREFF, that had the cur
That tyme off *Scotland* halely,
With gret worſchip has gert bery
The KINGS hart at the abbay
Off *Melroſs*, quhar men prays ay

Ver. 587. Editions have:
Sir Archbald, his brother, gart ſyne.

That

That he and hys have paradyſs.
Quhen this wes done that I deuyſs,
The gud Erle gouernyt the land,
And held the power weill to warand.
The lave ſa weill mantenyt he,
And held in peſs ſwa the cuntré,
That it wes neuir or hys day
Sa weill, as Ik hard auld men ſay.
Bot ſyne, allace! puſonyt wes he:
To ſe hys dede wes gret pité.

Thir Lords deyt apon this wyſs.
He, that hey Lord off all thing is,
Up till hys mekill blis thaim bring,
And graunt hys grace, that thair offspring
Leid weill the land: and ententyve
Be to folow, in all thair lyve,
Thar nobill eldrys gret bounté!
The a fauld God in Trenyté
Bring us hey till hys mekill blis;
Quhar alwayis leſtand liking is!

Ver. 609. In the printed copies the deed is aſcribed to a falſe monk:

"But ſyne, allace! poiſon'd wes he
"By a falſe monk, full traiterouſly."

Murray died 20th July, 1332.

THE END.

The banys haue thai with thaim tane;
And ſyne ar to thair ſchippys gane;
Quhen thai war lewyt off the King,
That had dule for thair ſorrowing.

To ſe thai went: gud wynd thai had.
Thair courſs till *Ingland* haff thai maid;
And thar ſauffly arywyt thai.
Syne towart *Scotland* held thair way,
And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy.
And the banys honorabilly
Intill the kyrk off *Dowglas* war
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Ordane a tumb ſa rychly
As it behowyt to ſwa worthy.

Quhen that on this wyſs Schyr WILYAME
Off KETH had broucht hys banys hame,
And the gud KING's hart alſua,
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With fayr effer hys ſepultur;
The Erle off MURREFF, that had the cur
That tyme off *Scotland* halely,
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Up till hys mekill blis thaim bring,
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Leid weill the land: and ententyve
Be to folow, in all thair lyve,
Thar nobill eldrys gret bounté!
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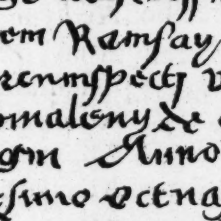
THE END.

A fredome & A nobill thing
Fredome mayß may to hayff likuyt

Ffuntur to dicellus de Bentibz et attibus
bellicosis viz dn Roberti Groyß quod
Scottorum regi illustrissimi Raptum sit
tg per me Johannem Ramsay ex iussu
venerabilis & circumspecti viri vz magi
Symonis Lochmaleny de onchtermunnsye
Vicarij Sydigm Anno dni millesimo
quadringentesimo octuagesimo Nono.
1489

BRITISH MUSEUM



GLOSSARY.

The chief obſtacle in peruſing this work ariſes from the orthography, which is ſo irregular that no gloſſary can pretend to explain every diſguiſed word. To underſtand many words it is only neceſſary to pronounce them aloud; and the meaning, which is obſcured by the ſpelling, will be evident from the ſound. *W* is often uſed for *u* and for *v*: *h* is uſeleſsly introduced, as *yhe* for *ye*, &c.

A.

A, *all, one.*
Abad, *abode, delay.*
Abowyn, *ſuperior, above.*
Afauld, *onefold.*
Affer, *belongs.*
Affy, *confide.*
Allenarly, *alone.*
Aller, *altogether.*
Allgate, *in all ways.*
Allryn, *all in progreſs.*
Als, *as, alſo.*
Ameyſyt, *appeaſed.*
Amowyt, *moved.*
And, *ſometimes* if.
Ankyrs, *anchors.*
Anyrly, *alone.*
Anys, *once.*
Apayn? ix. 64.
Apert, *briſk.*
Apperand, *apparent, appearing.*
Ar, *ere, before, oar.*
Areſt, *ſtop.*
Armyne, *armour.*
Aſſay, *trial.*
Aſſembil, *engage.*
Aſſonyeit, *acquitted.*
Aſſpyne, *faſtning.*
At, *that.*
Athys, *oaths.*
Atour, *above.*
Aucht, *owned.*
Auter, *altar.*
Aventur, *adventure.*
Awailye, *avail.*
Awblaſters? xvii. 236.

Awenand, *convenient.*
Awent, *refreſh.*
Awerty, *experienced.*
Awiſé, *adviſed.*
Awyne, *own.*
Awyſely, *adviſedly.*
Aynd, *breath.*
Ayr, *heir, ere, before, oar.*

B.

Baid, *delay.*
Bait, *boat.*
Band, *bond.*
Baneour, *ſtandard-bearer.*
Banyſt, *baniſhed.*
Bar, *boar.*
Barblyt, *barbed.*
Bargan, *debate, conteſt.*
Barnage, *baronage, barons.*
Barné, *barons.*
Barraiſs, *bounds, entrenchments.*
Baſſynit, *helmet.*
Bath, *both.*
Battalit, *embattled.*
Battail, *battalion, diviſion.*
Bauld, *bold.*
Bawmyt, *embalmed.*
Be, *by.*
Bedene, *quickly.*
Begouth, *began.*
Bekand, *baſking.*
Beliff, *ſoon.*
Benk, *bench.*
Berne, *barn.*
Berynes, *burial.*
Beſt? viii. 229.
Bet, *help, ſupply.*
Betaucht, *gave.*
Betryſs, *betray.*
Bidand, *abiding.*
Bidding, *order.*
Bigs, *booths.*
Blawand, *blowing.*
Blenkit, *glanced.*
Bleſs, *blaſt.*
Blyth, *glad.*
Bodward, *meſſage, notice.*
Boruch, *pledge?*
Botand, *moreover.*
Boune, *ready.*
Bounté, *worth, goodneſs.*
Bourdand, *witty.*
Bourn, *rivulet.*
Bow-draught, *bow-ſhot.*
Boyis, *wood?*
Bra, *bank.*
Brand, *ſword.*
Braſt, *burſt.*
Braul, *murmur.*
Brig, *bridge.*
Brodyr, *brother.*
Browdyn, *diſplayed.*
Brudnys, *kindred?*
Brukys, *enjoys.*
Brunds? xvii. 705.
Bundyn, *bound.*
Burdowis? xvii. 236.

Burdys,

Burdys, *boards, table.*
Burgeans, *buds.*
Buſk, *prepare, buſh.*
Bykker, *ſhoot at, ſkirmiſh.*
Byrd? vi. 316.
Byrks, *birch-trees.*
Byrn, *burn.*
Byrnys, *corſelets.*

C.

Cant, *lively.*
Carping, *telling, talking.*
Caſe, *chance.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Certes, *certainly.*
Chamyr, *chamber.*
Chapyt, *eſcaped.*
Char, *chair, ſtop.*
Chaſty, *chaſtiſe, correct.*
Chenyies, *chains.*
Chewiſance, *acquiſition.*
Chewys, *atchieve.*
Child, *young knight.*
Clam, *climbed.*
Cleket, *the catch.*
Clemys, *claims.*
Clengyt, *emptied, cleared.*
Combly, *comely.*
Conable, *poſſible.*
Conand, *covenant.*
Conſeil, *conceal.*
Contrer, *miſchief.*
Couth, *could.*
Cowardy, *cowardice.*
Coweryt, *recovered.*
Cowoid, *convoyed.*
Cowyne, *covenant, condition.*
Coynye, *corner.*
Crag, *rock.*
Cultir, *coulter of a plough.*
Cunſail, *council.*
Cuntentit, *contained.*

D.

Dainté, *kindneſs.*
Dang, *ſtruck.*
Daw, of daw, *dead.*
Dawntyt, *daunted.*
Dawyn, *dawning.*
Deboner, *good-natured.*
Dedeynyeit, *diſdained.*
Defawtit, *defeated.*
Deid, *death.*
Deliver, *quick.*
Demanyt, *dealt with.*
Dempt, *judged.*
Demyng, *judging.*
Den, *dam.*
Der, *ſuffer, hurt.*
Deray, *injury.*
Derenyie, *conteſt.*
Derf, *active.*
Deſpulyt, *deſpoiled.*
Dewilry, *devilry, magic.*
Dewour, *duty.*
Ding, *knock.*
Diſcur, *diſcover.*
Diſcowrors, *ſcouts.*
Diſheryey, *diſinherit.*
Diſpend, *ſpend.*
Diſpending, *money to ſpend.*

Diſpitous, *unpitiful.*
Diſpytyt, *had ſpite at.*
Diſſeſe, *want of eaſe.*
Diſtrenyeit, *forced.*
Diſtrowblyne, *diſturbance.*
Diwiliſs, *deviliſh.*
Diwiſs, *deviſe.*
Dongyn, *driven.*
Douchty, *mighty.*
Dour, *hard, ſtrong.*
Dout, *ſometimes* fear.
Dowtyne, *doubting.*
Dule, *grief.*
Dur, *door.*
Durwarth, durward, *door-keeper, porter.*
Dre, *ſuffer, undergo.*
Dreſſyt, *prepared.*
Dryw, *drive.*
Dungeoun, *tower, keep of a caſtle.*
Duſche, *daſh, hard blow.*
Dycht, *dreſſed in armour, prepared.*
Dyke, *ditch.*
Dyn, *noiſe.*
Dyner, *dinner.*
Dyng, *honourable.*
Dynt, *blow.*
Dyſtroynyt, *forced.*
Dyttyt, *blocked up.*

E.

Echt, *ought.*
Effer, *appearance.*
Effraytly, *affraidly, fearfully.*
Eftſone, *ſoon after.*
Egging, *incitement.*
Ek, *add to.*
Emys, *uncles.*
Enboundonit, *abandoned.*
Enbuſchit, *in ambuſh.*
Enchauſit, *chaſed.*
Encheſon, *fault, crime.*
Endenturs, *inſtruments.*
Endfundeyng? xx. 75.
Engaigne, *ſpite.*
Enkerly, *eagerly?*
Enpres, *empriſe.*
Enſampil, *example.*
Enſenye, *word of war.*
Er, *are.*
Erd, *earth.*
Erdyt, *interred.*
Erlys, *Earls.*
Eſcheve, eſchew, *atchieve.*
Eſful, *full of eaſe.*
Etling, *aim, intention.*
Evirmar, *evermore, always.*
Eyn, *eyes.*

F.

Fader, *father.*
Fadyt, *exhauſted.*
Fagalds, *parcels.*
Failyhe, *fail.*
Falſet, *falſehood.*
Fand, *found.*

Fanding,

Fanding, *endeavour.*
Fantiſs, *fancy.*
Far, *go, fare.*
Farand, *well-favoured.*
Fardel, *bundle.*
Farne, *fared.*
Faucht, *fought.*
Fay, *foe, faith.*
Faynded?
Faynd, *fond.*
Fe, *cattle.*
Feble, *get feeble, enfeeble.*
Fele, *many.*
Fell, *cruel.*
Feloune, *cruel.*
Feleſys, *many times.*
Fenyeyng, *feigning.*
Fer, *fair, fellow, far.*
Ferly, *wonder; fairly.*
Ferrar, *further.*
Ferray, *forage.*
Fewté, *fidelity.*
Fichyt, *fixt.*
Flatlyns, *flat.*
Flawmand, *flaming.*
Flayis, *flies.*
Flears, fleers, *thoſe that flee.*
Flech, *flatter.*
Fletyng, *ſailing, floating.*
Flot, *fleet.*
Fond, *go.*
Forbeſt, *baffled.*
Fordyd, *ruined.*
Forfayr, *loſt.*
Forly, *ly with.*
Forouch, *before.*
Forowſein, *foreſeen.*
Forowtyn, *without.*
Forray, *forage.*
Forſy, *full of force.*
Forthy, *therefore.*
Fothyr, *load.*
Fra, *from, after.*
Fraying, *rattling.*
Frayit, *engaged in affrays.*
Freſt? vii. 447, 547.
Fruſh, *ſudden.*
Fruſhit, *broken.*
Fulit, *doated.*
Fundyn, *founded, ſettled.*
Fur, *fared.*

G.

Gabyt, *ſpoke vainly.*
Gadryng, *gathering, aſſembly.*
Galay, *galley, ſhip.*
Galy, *reel.*
Gamyn, *game, mirth.*
Gang, *walk.*
Gar, *cauſe.*
Gate, *way.*
Gayne, *agayn.*
Ger, *cauſe, armour, things.*
Geſts, *joiſts.*
Ghyle, *guile.*
Giff, *if.*
Glaidſchip, *gladneſs.*
Gle, glew, *game.*

Gliſnyt,

Gliſnyt, *glanced.*
Granys, *groans.*
Grathit, *prepared.*
Graunt, *great.*
Grawyn, *interred.*
Greſe, *graſs.*
Gret, *weeped.*
Gretumly, *greatly.*
Grewing, *grievance.*
Growit, *ſhuddered.*
Gruchys, *grudges.*
Grune? xx. 324.
Grypyt, *griped.*
Gyf, *if.*
Gyit, *guided.*
Gyrd, *quick ſtep.*
Gyrdand, *piercing up.*

H.

Haid, *had.*
Hailſit, *hailed, ſaluted.*
Halch, haugh, *valley.*
Halders, *holders.*
Hale, *whole.*
Halfindal, *about half.*
Hals, *throat, neck.*
Haly, *wholly.*
Halyſt, *ſaluted.*
Halyt, *drew up.*
Hamillet, *hamlet.*
Hamlyly, *familiarly.*
Hamwarts, *homeward.*
Hanſel, *earneſt.*
Harnys, *armour, brains.*
Hartyt, *encouraged.*
Hat, *was called.*
Hate, *hot.*
Hawing, *behaviour.*
Hawtane, *haughty.*
Heldand, *holding.*
Hely, *highly, loudly.*
Helying, *covering.*
Hender, *bypaſt.*
Hendermar, *hindermoſt.*
Herbery, *abode.*
Herds? xvii. 612.
Herying, *hearing.*
Hewid, *head.*
Hewit, *hewed to pieces.*
Hewy, *heavy.*
Hewyn, *heaven.*
Hey, *high.*
Hey-gate, *high way.*
Heylyt, *covered.*
Hiddilis, *hiding.*
Hidwyſs, *hideous.*
Hing, *hang.*
Hint, *took.*
Hobelers, *light-armed men.*
Hobland, *wavering.*
Hobynys, *war-horſes.*
Hone, *delay.*
Houſband, *farmer.*
How, *hollow, low; hover near.*
Hund, *hound.*
Hy, *haſte.*
Hyde, *ſkin.*
Hydys, *raw hides.*

Hycht,

Hycht, *promiſed, called.*
Hyne, *youth, hence.*
Hynt, *ſeized.*
Hyrchoun, *hedge-hog.*

I. J.

Ik, *alſo, I.*
Ilk, *each, ſame.*
Ilkan, *each one.*
Ineuch, *enough.*
Infar, *inroad.*
Innouth, *within.*
Innys, *lodgings, houſe.*
Iruſly, *with ire, angryly.*
Iſch, *iſſue out.*
Iwill, *evil.*

K.

Karl, *ſtout man, curl, villanus.*
Kayme, *comb.*
Ken, *know.*
Kep, *regard, catch.*
Keſt, *caſt.*
Knave, *boy.*
Knawis, *knaves.*
Knyf, *dagger.*
Knyt, *join.*
Kow-yet, *cow-gate.*
Ky, *cows,*
Kyn, *kind.*
Kyndlik, *kindred.*
Kyndly, *by nature.*
Kyngrik, *kingdom.*
Kyrk, *church.*

L.

Ladys, *loads.*
Laidmen, *men bearing loads.*
Land-bryſs, *land-breeze.*
Lanſit, *darted.*
Lap, *leaped.*
Lardner, *lardry.*
Larg, *bountiful.*
Late, *geſture.*
Lave, *reſt.*
Lauchtane? xix. 672.
Law, *low.*
Lawté, *loyalty.*
Laynder, *laundreſs.*
Leches, *ſurgeons.*
Lege-powſté, *ſovereign power.*
Lele, *true.*
Leman, *miſtreſs.*
Leme, *ſplendor.*
Lenye, *lean, thin.*
Leſt, *delay.*
Leſyng, *lying.*
Leſyt, *loſt.*
Let, *hinder, abandon.*
Letles, *without hindrance.*
Leveré, *delivery, diſtribution.*
Lewer, *rather.*
Leyff, *live, leave.*
Leynd, *dwell.*
Leyſche, *leeſh.*
Libbard, *leopard.*

Likand,

Likand, *acceptable.*
Liking, *will.*
Liklines, *appearance.*
Ling, *line, ſtrait forward.*
Lofit, *praiſed.*
Lompnyt? xv. 276.
Lorne, *loſt.*
Loſinger, *lying knave.*
Loup, *leap.*
Lourdane, *lazy ſcoundrel.*
Loutyt, *bowed.*
Low, *flame.*
Lowing, *praiſing.*
Lowſyt, *looſened.*
Luffand, *loving, benevolent.*
Lufit, *ſometimes* praiſed. *See* Lofit.
Luk, *look.*
Lyft, *firmament.*
Lymys, *limbs.*
Lyſnyt, *liſtened.*
Lywyt, *lived.* I. 19, ar lywyt, *are dead,* vixerunt.

M.

Ma, *more.*
Magre, *in ſpite of.*
Maiſt, *moſt.*
Maiſtery, *ſtrength.*
Maiſtris, *miſtreſs.*
Malveté, *malice.*
Maneer, *manour-houſe.*
Mangery, *feſtival.*
Manland, *main land.*
Manrent, *homage.*
Mar, *more.*
Marcheand, *bordering on.*
Marrais, *moraſs.*
Marſchal, *butler?* ii. 4.
Martyrdom, *ſlaughter.*
Maucht, *might.*
Maundment, *command.*
Mayne, *ſtrength, moan.*
Mayſe, *makes, cauſes.*
Mawgré, *ill-will.*
Mekil, *much.*
Mellé, *medley.*
Menand, *lamenting.*
Menauſyt, *menaced.*
Mengye, *many.*
Menſk, *manhood.*
Menyng, *pity.*
Merwys, *mars, ruins.*
Mickil, *much.*
Moble, *moveables, goods.*
Mocht, *might.*
Modyr, *mother.*
Mon, *muſt.*
Monteil, *mount.*
Monyſting, *admonition.*
More, *muir.*
Moſs, *marſh.*
Mow, *heap.*
Mowence, *motion, progreſs.*
Moyne, *moon.*
Moyr, *more.*
Murit, *walled?*
Mydlike?

Mydlike? iii. 71.
Myrk, *dark.*
Myſelwyn, *myſelf.*
Mysfur, *miſcarried.*
Myſtir, *need.*
Myſtrow, *ſuſpected.*

N.

Na, *nor, no.*
Nanys, *occaſion.*
Nawyne, *ſhipping.*
Ne, *not.*
Nedways, *needs.*
Neid, *occaſion.*
Neiſt, *next.*
Nek-bane, *neck-bone.*
Nethring, *injury.*
Nevo, *nephew.*
Nevys, *fiſts.*
Newlings, *at firſt.*
Newth, *beneath.*
Noblay, *nobility.*
Nocht, *nothing.*
Noryſt, *nouriſhed.*
Nothir, *neither.*
Noy, *annoy.*
Nuryſt, *nouriſhed.*
Nygramanſour, *necromancer.*
Nyt, *denied.*

O.

Obeyſand, *obedient.*
Oddirs, *others.*
Oftſythis, *often.*
Onane, *anon.*
Or, *ere, before.*
Oſt, *hoſt, hoſteſs.*
Otouth, *out from, without.*
Our, *over, above.*
Ourhand, *upper hand.*
Ourhy, *overtake.*
Ourtane, *overtaken.*
Owtane, *except.*

P.

Page, *boy.*
Pantener?
Parlyownys, *pavilions.*
Pays, *Eaſter.*
Pele, *fort.*
Pennon, *ſtreamer.*
Peralais, *perilous.*
Perfay, *in faith, indeed.*
Perquer, *perfectly.*
Pers, *peers.*
Pert, *briſk.*
Peſe, *peace.*
Peſabylly, *peaceably.*
Pitail, *rabble.*
Pith, *ſtrength.*
Plenyeit, *complained.*
Porturat, *countenanced.*
Potts, *holes.*
Poveral, *poor mob.*
Powſté, *power.*
Prayit, *made prey.*
Preſe, *preſs.*

Prewé,

Prewé, *privy.*
Prikyt, *ſpurred, rode quickly.*
Proferre, *offer.*
Pryſe, *value.*
Pundelane? iii. 159.
Punye, *ſmall party.*
Pur, *poor.*
Purchas, *an attempt.*
Purches, *procure.*
Purwayt, *prepared.*
Puſoune, *poiſon.*
Pyk, *pitch.*
Pykkys, *picks.*

Q.

Quentiſs, *quaintneſs.*
Quer, *choir.*
Quharthrouch, *through which.*
Quhein, *few.*
Quhile, *before.*
Quouk, *quaked.*
Qwyt, *requite.*

R.

Rad, *afraid.*
Radneſs, *terror.*
Raid, *rode.*
Raiſs, *race.*
Raith, *early.*
Rakyt, *went ſwiftly.*
Randoun, *ſwift courſe.*
Rangal, *rabble.*
Rapys, *ropes.*
Rar, *roar.*
Raung, *range.*
Rayayt, *terrified.*
Raykyt, *ſee* Rakyt.
Real, *royal.*
Rebaldail, *mob, rabble.*
Rebotyt, *driven back.*
Red, *part.*
Red, *counſel.*
Reff, *ſpoil.*
Reft, *bereaved.*
Reid, *rode.*
Reifar, *ſpoiler.*
Rek, *ſmoke.*
Relyit, *rallied, called back.*
Rengye, *reins.*
Rerward, *rear.*
Reſavit, *received.*
Reſett, *retreat.*
Reſewyt, *reſerved.*
Réſecours, *ſuccour.*
Retreand, *retreating.*
Reuk?
Rewth, *pity.*
Rewyd, *reaved, bereaved.*
Rewyn, *torn.*
Rewys, *ſtreets.*
Rod, *road.*
Roucht, *reach, reckon.*
Routand, *whiſpering.*
Routs, *blows.*
Row, *repent.*
Rowaté, *royalty.*
Rowtyt, *ſnored.*

Roytyt,

Roytyt, *ravaged.*
Ruflyt, *annoyed.*
Ruſchyt, *drove down.*
Ruys, *ſtreets.*
Rybbaldy, *vulgarity.*
Rychtwiſe, *righteous.*
Ryk, *kingdom, country.*
Ryn, *run.*
Ryot, *ravaged.*
Ryve, *rob, ravage; rend.*

S.

Sakles, *innocent.*
Sake? iv. 578.
Sals, *ſauce.*
Salt, *aſſault.*
Samyn, *the ſame, at once.*
Sanyt, *croſſed.*
Sariolly, *loftily.*
Sary, *ſorry.*
Sarraly, *boldly.*
Sat, *became.*
Saw, *ſaying.*
Sawerand, *ſavouring, ſmelling.*
Sawffly, *ſafely.*
Sawt, *aſſault.*
Sawyn, *ſown.*
Sawyt, *ſaved.*
Sayn, *ſave.*
Saynd, *meſſage.*
Sayr, *ſore.*
Sax, *ſix.*
Schapis, *endeavours.*
Schaw, *little wood.*
Schawyt, *ſhowed.*
Sched, *broke, ſplit.*
Schent, *confounded.*
Scher, *cut.*
Schor, *ſharp, boaſting.*
Schoyne, *ſhoes.*
Schuip, *tried.*
Schuldrys, *ſhoulders.*
Schyr, *clear.*
Schyreffys, *ſhireſs.*
Scounrit, *ſhuddered.*
Scrymyn, *ſkirmiſh.*
Se, *ſea.*
Sege, *ſeat, rank.*
Segs, *ſtations.*
Sekkis, *ſacks.*
Selwyn, *ſame.*
Semble, *hoſts engaged.*
Sen, *ſince.*
Sent, *ſometimes* ſcent.
Senyhory, *ſoignory, lordſhip.*
Ser, *ſeveral, many.*
Seſyt, *ceaſed.*
Seyle, *happineſs.*
Sib, *kin, kindred.*
Sikerly, *ſurely.*
Skalit, *ſcattered.*
Skath, *harm.*
Skill, *experience.*
Skowerand, *ſhuddering.*
Slak, *glen.*
Slayd, *ſlid.*
Sleły, *ſlyly.*
Sleuch, *ſlew.*

Slicht, *ſlight, trick.*
Slik, *mud.*
Sloppis, *pieces of ground.*
Slot? iii. 456.
Slouſs, *ſluice, pool.*
Snell, *ſharp, keen.*
Sodanly, *ſuddenly.*
Sodjouris, *ſoldiers.*
Sojournying, *delaying.*
Somoun, *ſummon.*
Sone, *ſoon, ſun.*
Sonkyn, *ſunk.*
Sop, *troop, croud.*
Sorded, *defiled.*
Sothly, *truly.*
Souch? x. 760.
Sournome, *ſurname.*
Sow, *pierce.*
Sparit, *faſtened up.*
Spayn, *ſpan.*
Special, *connected with.*
Speidful, *proper.*
Spek, *ſpeech.*
Sper, *bar.*
Spital? xi. 420.
Spray, *bough.*
Spryngalds? xvii. 247.
Spyrit, *enquired.*
Squar, *ſquare, broad.*
Stad, *ſituated.*
Stale, *ſeparate party.*
Stalwart, *ſtrong.*
Stark, *ſtout.*
State, *eſtate.*
Stay, *ſteep.*
Sted, *ſtation.*
Stedys, *ſteeds, horſes.*
Steked, *ſtabbed.*
Steks, *ſhuts.*
Ster, *ſteer, helm.*
Stert, *jumped.*
Stole, *ſtool, ſeat.*
Stot, *ſtop.*
Stound, *blow.*
Stour, *tumult.*
Strakys, *ſtrokes.*
Straucht, *ſtrait, ſtreached.*
Strekyt, *extended.*
Strenthis, *ſtrong places.*
Stunay, *aſtoniſh.*
Sture, *ſtern.*
Sturting, *trouble.*
Stynt, *delay.*
Styth, *ſtiff, firm.*
Suet, *life.*
Sukudry, *preſumption.*
Suld, *ſhould.*
Sumdell, *a little.*
Suppowal, *ſupport.*
Sutelté, *ſubtilty.*
Suthfaſt, *true.*
Swa, *ſo.*
Swak, *hard blow.*
Swanys, *ſwains.*
Swappyt, *drew.*
Swate, *ſweat.*
Swing, *ſtroke.*
Swome, *ſwim.*
Swycht, *ſwift.*
Swylk, *ſuch.*

Swyth,

Swyth, *quickly.*
Syks, *pools.*
Sympolly, *ſimply, poorly.*
Syn, *after, ſince.*
Syr, *lord.*
Syſs, *aſſize.*
Syth, *eaſy.*
Sythyn, *thereafter.*

T.

Ta, *take.*
Tais, *takes.*
Taiſſyt, *adjuſted.*
Takyning, *token.*
Tane, *taken.*
Taucht, *delivered.* *See* betaucht.
Tene, *ſorrow, anger, vexation.*
Tent, *heed.*
Ter, *tar.*
Thairtil, *thereto.*
Thak-burd, *thatch-board, roof.*
Thole, *ſuffer.*
Thoucht, *though.*
Thowteſnes, *thoughtleſsneſs.*
Thra, *obſtinate.*
Thraw, *inſtant.*
Threſum, *ſome three, about three.*
Thret, *threatened.*
Thril, thryl, *ſlave.*
Thrillage, *ſervitude.*
Thring, *throng, preſs.*
Thropell, *throat.*
Thuort, *athwart.*
Thurſt? xx. 107.
Thyne, *thence.*
Thyrland, *piercing.*
Thyrldom, *ſervitude.*
Tid, *time.*
Tillgyddre, *together.*
Tit, *knock.*
Tite, *ſnatched.*
To, *ſometimes* too.
Toddyr, *other.*
Tothir, *other.*
Toylyit, *troubled.*
Traiſtyet, *truſted.*
Trane, *ambuſh, ſtratagem.*
Tranenting, *ſudden march.*
Trawaill, *labour.*
Tre, *wood.*
Trew, *truce.*
Trewail, *labour.*
Trewelling, *travelling.*
Tronſoûn, *truncheon.*
Troplys, *troops.*
Trow, *believe.*
Trowentyn, *wandering.*
Tryſt, *appointed place.*
Turſyt, *bundled up.*
Tutiwing, *ſounding.*
Twal, *twelve.*
Twyſt, *twig.*
Tyne, *loſe.*
Tynſel, *loſs.*
Tynt, *loſt.*
Tyre?

Tyre? xii. 22.
Tythands, *tidings.*
Tyttar, *rather.*

U.

Uliſpyt, *liſped.*
Umbeſet, *beſet.*
Umbethocht, *bethought.*
Umquhile, *ſometime.*
Undercaſt, *revolve.*
Unſele, *ill luck.*
Upblinkit, *glanced up.*
Upgang, *path up.*
Ure, *chance:* heur, Fr.
Utelauys, *outlaws.*
Utouth, *thereout.*

V.

Veyle, *well.*

W.

Wa, way, *woe, ſorry.*
Wa worth, *woe befall.*
Wageours, *warriors for hire.*
Waik, *watch.*
Wailye, *avail.*
Waine, *vain.*
Waith, *danger.*
Wald, *would.*
Wale, *beſt part.*
Waley, *valley.*
Walgeous, *galant.*
Walopyt, *galloped.*
Wandyſt, *failed.*
Wane, *habitation.*
Wanys, *ſtomach.*
Wapnys, *weapons.*
War, *were, aware, worſe.*
Ward, *guard.*
Wardan, *guardian, governor.*
Warrand, *ſhelter, ſafety.*
Warrayand, *warring.*
Warrer, *more aware.*
Warnyſt, *garniſhed, provided.*
Warpyt, *threw.*
Waryit, *curſed.*
Waryſon, *reward.*
Waſlage, *power.*
Wat, *know.*
Wate, *wet.*
Wated, *lay in wait.*
Wauch?
Waward, *vanguard.*
Wawys, *waves.*
Way, *ſorry.*
Weddyr, *weather.*
Wei, *little.*
Wein, *veſtige.*
Weld, *manage.*
Weltre, *ſtagger.*
Wencuſyt, *vanquiſhed.*
Wend, *knew.*
Wengyt, *avenged.*
Wenning, *abode.*
Went, *to go.*
Wepit, *wiped.*
Wer, *worſe, war; defend.*

Werds, *fates.*
Weſand, *windpipe.*
Weſchel, *veſſels.*
Weyt, *wet.*
Wiage, *voyage, journey.*
Wictailyt, *victualed.*
Wigoruſly, *vigorouſly.*
Will, *wandering.*
Willfully, *with good will.*
Wily, *wiſdom.*
Winland, *whirling.*
Wis, *was.*
Withſay, *gainſay, oppoſe.*
Withthy, *with this, provided.*
Wittring, *information.*
Woid, *wood.*
Wonnyt, *wounded.*
Worſchip, *worth.*
Worthyt, *wax, become; were forced.*
Woud, *mad.*
Wouk, *awake, week.*
Woyd, *void, leave.*
Woydyt, *empty, free from.*
Wrath, *wroth, angry.*
Wrayt, *wrote.*
Wreyth, *made a grimace, was wroth.*
Wrychts, *carpenters.*
Wyddir, *a wether, a ſheep.*
Wyff, *woman.*
Wyght, *ſtrong.*
Wynnyt, *dwelled.*
Wyr, *arrow; ſling down.*
Wyrk, *work.*
Wyſk, *quick blow.*
Wyſt, *knew.*

Y.

Yar, *ready.*
Yat, *gate.*
Yauld, *yielded.*
Ydill, *idle.*
Yharn, yarn, *deſire.*
Yheid, yeid, *went.*
Yhemar, *keeper.*
Yhemſel, *keeping.*
Yhude, *went.*
Yhule-ewyn, *Chriſtmas eve.*
Yolden, *yielded.*
Youtheid, *youth.*
Yowde, yeid, *went.*
Ythanly, *buſily.*
Ythen, *buſy.*

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ADDITIONAL NOTES.

BOOK I. ver. 61, 62. Winton reads:

That be lyne was deſcendand:
Sum bair all uthir wayis on hand.

Book I. ver. 121, 122. The MS. has been religiouſly followed, even in it's faults; but the laſt of theſe lines ſhould certainly ſtand firſt, as in the editions:

And wyſe men ſayes he is happy
That be othir will him chaſty.

Book I. ver. 158. Read,

The kynryk yharn I not to have.

Book I. ver. 528. For *ſlycht* read *ſlycht*: in note, page 25, for *red* put *read*.

Book I. ver. 560. Perhaps we ſhould read BROITE, and refer this line to the account of Arthur given in the BRUTE mentioned in the preface.

Book II. p. 36, note. For 1304 read 1306.

Book II. ver. 242. After this line the editions rightly inſert the three following:

Als was gud CHRISTOL of SETOUN,
And ROBERT BOID of gret renoun;
And other fele men of mekil mycht,
Bot I cannot tell, &c.

Book III. ver. 22. For *That that* read *That thai*.

Book III. ver. 67. It is obſervable that Ewan II. in whoſe time Fingal is placed by Hector Boethius, was ſon of Murthak:

Ewane the ſecunde in his dayis,
Murthakis ſon the ſtory ſayis. Winton, p. 410.

Book IV. ver. 110. The word *encheſone* here, and in other parts of this poem, is the ſame with *acheſon* in the old French poetry; and means, as we learn from the gloſſary to the *Roman de la Roſe*, 1. occaſion; 2. hope; 3. good luck; 4. motive; 5. difficulty. This word appears as early as the French language, and may be found in Wace's *Roman de Roul*, written about the year 1165, and the ſongs of Raoul de Coucy, 1190.

Book IV. ver. 702 to 726 are omitted in the editions.

Book

Book V. ver. 35. Perhaps we ſhould read *That*, tho' *Thai* is ſenſe, implying King Robert's people.

Book V. ver. 483. Editions have,

Schyr Ingram Umfraville, that wes hardy;

Rightly, as appears from Book VI. ver. 3; and Sir Ingram Bell is a non-exiſtence.

Book V. ver. 507. After this line the editions inſert the two following:

Forſuth that hys ane ey wes out;
Bot he ſua ſturdy wes, and ſtout,
That he wis, &c.

Book VI. ver. 490. After this line editions inſert the two following:

Swa that the hund hym lovit ſa,
Throuch hym he thoucht the King to ta;
For he wyſt that he lovit hym ſa
That he wald part, &c.

Book VI. ver. 666. The editions after this line add theſe two:

" And let us thank God of hys grace,
" That fra our faes us deliverit hes."
With that the King, &c.

Book VII. ver. 202. After this line editions have the two following:

Till hym thai yeid in full gret pace.
Bot in that tyme, throw Goddis grace,
The King upblinkit, &c.

Book VII. ver. 301. Editions here inſert ſeven lines:

Our fayis to nycht ſall ly traiſtly:
For thai trow we ſua ſkaillit ar,
And fled to warand here and thar,
That we ſall nocht, thir dayis thre,
All togeder aſſemblit be:
Tharfor this nycht thai ſall traiſtly
Bot wachys, tak thair eſe and ly.
And this day thai haf done deſpyt,
Tharfor this nycht I wald thaim quyt.
Quharfor quha knew, &c.

Rightly.

Book VII. ver. 551. After this line the editions inſert theſe two:

For in *Glentrule* wes the King,
That wes ner brocht til ſuppryſing,
Yeid unarmyt, &c.

Book

Book IX. ver. 105. A line wanting in MS.

That nane had radnes quhar he wer.
Thai wald nocht fecht quhyle that he wes
Liand, &c.

Book IX. ver. 373. Editions inſert four lines:

Towart the town with hys menye.
And hors and knavis levit he
Far fra the town. And ſyne hes tane
His leddres; and on fut is gane
Towart the town, &c.

Book X. ver. 17—27. Ten lines wanting in editions.

Book X. ver. 153. Editions add two lines:

Wilyame Bunnock to name he hecht,
A ſtalwart man he wes in fecht.
He ſaw ſa hard the cuntré ſtad,
That he gret noy and pity had,
Throuch fortreſſes that wer then, &c.

Book X. ver. 272. After this line the editions rightly inſert theſe three:

And he wes certes rycht worthy.
For gif men ſpek of hym truly,
He wes ſua curageous a knycht,
Sa wiſe, ſa worthy, and ſa wycht,
And off ſa ſowerane, &c.

Book XI. ver. 131. A line wanting in MS.

Mony helmys and haberiownys,
Scheldis, ſperis, and penownys.

Book XIII. ver. 446. Editions inſert four lines:

Silver and gold, claths and armyng,
And veſchel, and all othir thyng
That evir thai mycht lay on thair hand.
Sa gret riches thar thai fand
That mony man, &c.

Book XIII. ver. 650. Six more lines are found in the editions:

For twa contrares, we may wyt weil,
Set agan othir on a quhele,
Quhan ane is hie, anither is law.
And gif it fall that Fortune thraw
The quhele about, it that on hicht
Was er, on force it mon down lycht.
And it that undre, &c.

Book XIV. p. 191, 192. It is ſuſpected that the river Banna is meant. In verſe 373 our poet muſt have imagined that

that Ulſter was an appellation conned to the preſent county of Antrim; and in fact the old Iriſh *Ullagh* was a ſmall country on the north-eaſt part of Ireland: (ſee the map of Ireland in the middle ages, in the editor's *Enquiry into the Hiſtory of Scotland*). The town of *Coyners* the editor can find in no map, nor topography of Ireland, but it is apparently *Connor*. Edward Bruce was proceeding ſouth when invited by the Iriſh king, ver. 330, into the county of Londonderry, as would ſeem.

Book XV. ver. 144. *Read* armyt be.

Book XVI. ver. 208. After this line the editions inſert theſe four:

And preſſit dingand on tham ſa faſt,
That thai the bak gaf at the laſt.
And thai that ſaw tham tak the flycht,
Thai dang on tham with all thair mycht,
And in thair fleyng, &c.

Book XVI. ver. 304. *Read* Bot, giff that.

Book XVI. ver. 500. Editions inſert four lines:

Thai wer all done ſa hardily,
That thai wer praiſit ſoveranely
Attour all uthir points of weir,
That in thair tyme encheved wer,
This wes the fyrſt, &c.

Book XVII. ver. 219. Syne in laucht, *is* ſon in law.

Book XVIII. ver. 457—461 wanting in editions.

Book XIX. ver. 179. For *fley* ſhould we read *fley?*

Book XIX. ver. 316. Perhaps we ſhould read

On north halff *Wer*. See line 323.

Book XIX. ver. 590—595 omitted in editions.

Book XIX. ver. 799—806. Editions contract theſe eight lines to four.

Book XX. ver. 5. *Read* thre.

Book XX. ver. 67. *Read* mangery: that is feſtival.

Book XX. ver. 127. Editions infert four lines:

And all hys lords that thar war,
And alſua all the commonrie,
Made hym homage and fewtie.
And befor that thai crounit war
The King Robert, &c.

Book XX. ver. 205. Six lines are inſerted in the editions:

Quham in bath wit and worſchip was,

Suld

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Suld tak the travail upon hand:
Hereto thai war all accordand.
And to the King thai went in hy;
And tald hym that thai thoucht truly
That the douchty Lord Douglas
Beſt ſchapyn, &c.

THE END.